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☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed TO THE PUBLISHER.

WHITFIELD.

THE REBELS: or Boston before the Revolution. By the Author of Hobomok. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS.

We are glad to see a reprint of this work of Mrs. Childs. We read it with great interest years ago, and it will secure the interest of the new generation of readers, which, since then, has come forward. We quote a striking description of Whitfield.

There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark-blue eyes small and lively: in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them —but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more remembrable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled, both in melody and compass; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him anything but enthusiastic and glowing; but, as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of everything around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow-beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house.

Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

"See that emblem of human life," said he, as he pointed to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of Heaven from our view—but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away, like that dark cloud? O, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days, we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly which will gather before his throne; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate—whether you were supremely devoted to God—whether your hearts were absorbed in Him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. O, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? That your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world, by flattering myself that all would end well, but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

"You, oh false and hollow Christian—of what avail will it be that you have done many things —read much in the sacred word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven, by acts really polluted and unholy!

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? Wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify, in your love of gain? Why, that when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned about him!"

His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"O, sinners!" he exclaimed. "By all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent! Let not the wrath of God be awakened! Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you! See there!" said he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit. "'T is a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger, in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. "It was the voice of the Almighty, as he passed by in his anger!"

As the sound died away, he covered his face, and knelt beside the pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly by, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow! and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is, in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The effect was astonishing. Even Somerville shaded his eyes when he pointed to the lightning, and knelt as he listened to the approaching thunder;—while the deep sensibility of Grace, and the thoughtless vivacity of Lucretia, yielded to the powerful excitement, in an unrestrained burst of tears.

[For the Register]

TEMPLETON---EASTPORT.

I have this summer made two visits in the country—one to Templeton, the other at Eastport. At Templeton there is a faithful minister, a flourishing society, and a very excellent Sunday School, open and well attended through the year. But in each of the five villages of which Templeton is composed, this cannot be said. In one, three miles from the Unitarian Church, in company with the junior pastor of that church, I made several calls. Some of the families had not recently been to church, those who had, attended one of another denomination having few adherents, though many attendants, and occupied by an exceedingly unpopular preacher. According to the testimony of those whom we visited, the many who attended no where were in an exceedly bad condition, but those who attended here were worse, from the spirit of irreverence which it produced. At a third service held in a school house, on the succeeding Sunday, more than two-thirds of those present were of this class, and a more attentive audience could not be desired. The great question which came to me after this visit was, What shall be done for these and similar villages? They cannot support a minister, but they can and will do somewhat if a true man would go there. Where shall he find the remainder of his support! I once knew of a man's offering his services as one of ten who would go to New York City as ministers-at-large for five years, at three hundred dollars per year, and two gentlemen present offered to support three of them at that rate, or a less number at a larger salary. Now these men, or men of kindred spirit, might be willing to do as much in this work. The man, the *living* proper man, who so loved the work, as in this self-sacrificing spirit, to give his life for it, would open heaven to more than one soul; and what can tempt the hearts and pockets of men who have Christ for a leader, and eternity for a life time, and God for a Father, like this sending one of God's children, clothed in Christ's garb, to that eternal home!

But my other visit. I had a hard time enough getting to and from that easternmost town, but not so hard as to erase the remembrance of deep feelings aroused there for the hundredth time, in behalf of those for whom Christ died. In Eastport labors brother Rice, among a noble band of men and women. He has a fine Sunday School —and one event at its picnic, held on Prince Regent's Redoubt, pleased me much, viz:—ministers from four denominations were present, and said their word. This was finer to me—more soul-stirring, than all their beautiful scenery. And it is because I want more of this same spirit by which the Good Father's works can be appreciated there and everywhere, that I wish the cry of the Church at Calais might be heard. Here they can raise four hundred dollars towards a salary—have a fine house out of debt—many devotedly pious persons, but no minister.

Where are the men who believe in Jesus, whose *souls*, as well as intellects, are aroused by his life and death! We work for gold—we toil for fame—we preach about Heaven—we let gold and the breath of man make us work our bodies into the grave; and for Jesus we have little more than imagination and language, or perhaps self-elevation. O! for the spirit of Jesus! For the times of the Apostles! If we had the errors of other sects, or the doubts of the Infidel, some excuse there might be. But in possession of the plain, simple, soul-saving doctrines which fired the Son of God, it is strange! Surely it cannot be so long. Poverty and toil will rather be courted than shunned in the struggle for peopling Heaven and regaining Paradise.

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time."
And bring the welcome day."

H. W. S.

[For the Register.]

Hotel of James R. Hyde,
Sudbury, (Vt.) August 3, 1850.

To the Editors of the Christian Register:

MESSRS. EDITORS—Knowing your interest in the cause of education, I submit to your disposal the result of the examination of the Troy Female Seminary, which I had the pleasure of attending as one of the Board of Examiners.

The branches taught here are such as are usually taught at our colleges and classical seminaries. The examination was searching and thorough. After the committee had placed the pupils at their ease in some pleasant remarks, which took off the usual repulsive rigidity of a formal examination, they interrogated them somewhat unsparingly—asking them many questions out of the record, to test their acquaintance with the spirit, as well as with the letter of the author. We are told by the highest authority that the letter killeth, but the spirit quickeneth and maketh alive. Their answers showed that most of them thoroughly understood what they were studying.

Though the pupils appeared better in some branches than in others, there was no failure in any, but general excellence in all. The examination in moral and intellectual philosophy was equally creditable to the head and the heart of the scholars. The themes both in prose and poetry were not inferior to those of the elite of the classes, which I had occasion to examine, in Harvard University, when a member of the committee on logic and rhetoric. The exercises in mathematics, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, magnetism, and electricity, illustrated as they were on the black-board, and by experiments performed with great dexterity and facility, (the institution is furnished with a good apparatus for all these branches,) appeared more like lectures, than recitations. The pupils likewise acquitted themselves well in history, geography, both ancient and modern, and in the ancient and modern languages. The maps, which they drew with great accuracy, from memory, on the black-board, showed that their minds had been well mapped over with the different localities on the earth.

They have a number of accomplished instructers in music, and a variety of musical instruments. With all these appliances, there was no lack of music, both instrumental and vocal, enlivening us at intervals with what we should call in Boston a first rate concert.

Drawing and painting, as well as music, are taught in this seminary. The walls of their public hall are hung with beautiful specimens of these delightful arts, elaborated by the brush and the pencil of these young ladies. You will perceive by this description, that the utile and the dulce are here happily combined to render this one of the best institutions in the country for female education. I would further observe, that while the culinary and domestic arts are not neglected, the duties of morality and the observances of religion are enforced with entire freedom from sectarianism, in the spirit of tenderness and love.

Mrs. John Willard, daughter-in-law of the founder of the institution, and the present principal of the establishment, is highly accomplished in mind and manners, as well as agreeable in person. She is eminently qualified for her station, and well fitted to leave her mark on her pupils. She is assisted in her labors by twenty-six teachers, many of whom appeared to be of a high order of mind. The number of pupils on the school register the last term, was about three hundred, one hundred of whom are boarders in the establishment, and under the immediate care and supervision of Mrs. Willard and her assistants. The rooms are ample, and fitted up with special reference to the convenience, the health and comfort of the occupants, who are limited to two in each apartment.

The examination lasted six days, commencing at 8 1-2 o'clock, and terminating at 3 1-2 o'clock P. M. Though the exercises were thus protracted, we did not become weary of our employment, for the last day of our engagement was as pleasant and exhilarating as the first. Every thing was done for our comfort and enjoyment. We were most hospitably entertained at the house of the elder Mrs. Willard, and generously treated by our employers, after the labors of the day were over, with drives into the neighboring localities, which are very picturesque and beautiful. The committee consisted of nine, viz.:—three ladies and six gentlemen.

On our way to this place we passed a day at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, where we saw enough of gayety and fashion to serve us for a year to come.

The caption of this letter will inform you of our whereabouts. Our host is one of the most generous of landlords. His table is well spread with the best of viands, well cooked, well served up. As he is a man of large property, and therefore is not obliged to labor in this way for a living, he seems to keep public house as an amateur for the mere love of it, and for the sake of making others happy; in which he succeeds to a charm.

Well does he deserve the sobriquet of the Warrener of Vermont, which has been most appropriately applied to him. In addition to other good things, we are every day treated gratuitously by our landlord with drives into the pleasant localities of this picturesque vicinity. Our landlord is now candidate for an important office in the State. Should he be elected, I trust that this commonwealth would thrive as much under his administration, as we do with his good living. The company here are agreeable, intelligent, and social, and by these good qualities add much to our enjoyment.

You could not do better than quit the dusty city, and pass a few weeks during this hot weather in this delightful region. I feel its grandeur and its beauty. But as my brain is not largely endowed with the organ of tune, I shall not be able to enrich the poets' corner of your paper with any of my material lucubrations. Do come, my good friends, drink in inspiration here; and its effects will be soon visible in the pages of the Register. You will thus make up for my shortcomings.

Yours respectfully, S. O.

SABBATH MORNING.

How sweetly the Sabbath morning opens upon us! The atmosphere is purer, for it is no longer filled with the dust of trampling feet and thronging vehicles. The sunshine is clearer and softer, for it seems to fall lovingly upon a world charmed into a sacred repose. Trees and plants and the green grass wear the aspect of a happier life, as if they were left free to look up into the heavens and to commune with the influences by which they are nourished. The waters of the deep rivers seem to have a breathing space and to lie a while unruffled; and the brooks afar off in the country are dancing and making melody, as if they had regained the unmolested freedom with which they ran through woods and meadows in the early days of creation. The beasts are lying quietly in stalls and pasture fields exempt from labor. Hard-working men say everywhere, To-day there is no work to do. Now may every one who pleases be free from most of the burdens of human life. This is a blessed pause in the noise and toil of the world; and the rest and peacefulness of heaven, like a beautiful bridal garment, seems to clothe the earth. The children of men wear an expression of greater purity and benevolence. In many households there is the reading of the Bible and kindred books; hymns are sung and prayers ascend. And multitudes go into the courts of the Lord's house, and sing with gladness,

"This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own."

The Sabbath morning—how serene and inspiring! How full of sweet thoughts and precious gifts! Now we ought to arise betimes to catch its early light—its freshest smiles. It comes over the mountains or out of the deep sea, like an angel visitant walking in brightness. It comes with an open hand, scattering roses and shedding dews collected in more beautiful climes. It tells us that God is our best friend, our Father and our Redeemer. It is like the feet of God's messenger of love appearing on the mountain top to publish peace, to proclaim glad tidings of joy, to say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. It tells us that God is reconciled, and ready to forgive and bless us. It is the pledge of life and immortality—it gives us rays of the eternal day.

The Sabbath morning once let into our bosoms as God's own light dawning there, will enable us to consecrate and enjoy the whole day. The light should continue to shine within us during all the hallowed hours. Having received such precious morning gifts, we should open our bosoms to the blessings of every following hour until the night closes in, and then we should lie down as if we were resting upon the bosom of God.

Oh, if we would only learn to make the most of our Sabbaths, hastening to meet God who visits us with their first dawning, and striving to dwell with him all day, then would our graces flourish, our peace be abundant, and we should find ourselves making our way prosperously to the heavenly glory. [N. Y. Evangelist.

HON. DANIEL P. KING.

We do not often find more heartfelt encomiums on a public man than those in Congress on the death of Mr. King.

Mr. Rockwell said of him:

"In all the relations of private life, he was without reproach; nay, more, his life was an active blessing to all around him. It was made such by the religious principle which was the living spring of all his conduct. He was an humble, active, devoted Christian. No pressure of public duty, no desire for ease or relaxation, induced him to neglect the religious duties which he deemed as essential and proper here as at home; or the ordinances of the church to which he belonged. If to a stranger ear this seems the language of eulogy, I can only say, I cannot change it, for it is the simple truth."

Mr. Winthrop in the same strain said:

"It has been my good fortune to be connected with Mr. KING for many years in the Legislature of our own Commonwealth, as well as to be with him here, during the whole period of his seven years' service as a member of this House; and I can truly say, that I have rarely met with a juster or worthier man, or with one more scrupulously faithful to every obligation to his neighbor, his country, and his God."

Mr. Davis of the Senate said:

"Many greater men have died, but few better—few whose virtues shine more conspicuously —whose patriotism was warmer, or whose pure, unblemished character entitled them more emphatically to be called good men."

But the most affecting eulogium was from Mr. Chandler of Pennsylvania.

"I have waited," he said, "till the members of the Massachusetts delegation should have given expression to the feeling which the death of their colleague (and such a colleague) must naturally inspire. It seemed to me to be a sort of sacrilege to anticipate their lamentation, or to break the chain of communication by which from mouth to mouth the voice of sorrow and of eulogy had utterance. It must be that these homecompanions of the deceased have deeper griefs than the comparative stranger, and I am not one who would invade the holy rights of sorrow. But, Mr. Speaker, it would, I think, be injustice to our late fellow-member—to the claim which his abundant virtues had upon the respect of all with whom he was in any way associated —to imagine that the afflictive rod of Providence had not reached beyond the State of which the deceased was one of the Representatives in this House.

"Wherever the Hon. DANIEL P. KING cultivated an acquaintance, he made a friend; and though he was not ambitious of enlarged social intercourse, yet the public positions to which he was called, and the fidelity with which he discharged all the duties connected with these trusts, extended his connections and multiplied the number of those who admired his character and rejoiced in his distinction. And that circumstance, sir, has bowed a thousand hearts to the blow which Providence has inflicted in the death of our lamented friend. On that ground, sir, I speak, not for myself alone, nor to occupy the attention of this House with any expression of my proper sorrows, but in this solemn moment, when the eyes of the House are turned towards the seat now left vacant, to say that the associates—the household companions—the members of the mess of which Mr. KING formed a part—have a peculiar grief in the deprivation which his death has brought. We had found him, sir, accomplished in all the riches of classic study, and able to command, for the delight of social intercourse, the treasures of science and the arts, while his attainments, and the profitable use to which he could apply them, were exhibited with a modesty that seemed to be alarmed at the admiration which such attainments and such a use of them naturally excited.

"The honorable gentleman who announced to this House the fearful intelligence upon which we are now acting, and the honorable gentleman who followed him, took occasion to say, that Mr. KING, though enjoying the advantages of high collegiate education, declined professional pursuits that he might indulge his taste for agriculture; and it was with his landed estate as with his mental gifts, it was not the bare possession that he prized, but the improvement; nothing with him remained unproductive—the wide-spread farm, the well-stored intellect, and the treasures of domestic affection, year by year augmented in beauty and usefulness, by well directed skill and careful cultivation.

"Mr. KING, sir, was a gentleman—a gentleman of that school which teaches self-abnegation when the feelings and views of others are concerned. The apparent diffidence of his manners for a moment concealed the merit which lay beneath, but the solid, substantial qualities of his heart, and the full cultivation of his intellect, combined with the gentleness of his manners and the purity of his morals, to insure in a little time the respect and the affection of his associates.

"Mr. KING, sir, was a Christian. The virtues to which I have already alluded, owed their greatest attraction to the Christian spirit in which they originated, and in which they were exhibited. He was kind and forbearing; watchful over his own words and manners; and ever prompt to aid, by all appropriate means, those whose condition appealed to his superior attainments or larger possessions. And the bland courtesy of the gentleman blended in perfect harmony with the meekness and purity of the Christian. And if I were called on to present, from public life, the true exemplification of the Christion gentleman, I know of no character that would more beautifully illustrate the idea and supply the model than that of DANIEL P. KING.

"The loss which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts sustains in the death of such a son and such a Representative, has been eloquently set forth by some of those who shared with him the honor of that representation, and who shared among themselves the delight of his association.

"The terrible affliction that has made desolate the home of those that gathered into the domestic circle of the deceased, is not to be described. The arm upon which filial reverence leaned with confidence is palsied by death—the heart which the purest affections shared, has ceased to beat; and sorrow that springs from such a visitation, is too sanctified for us to disturb—the expression of sympathy itself might be an intrusion.

"We have lost from our midst, Mr. Speaker, one who did honor to his association—he is the first indeed that has fallen among us, but we cannot conceal the monitory fact, that he has been swept away by a disease that is prevalent around us, and among us, and yesterday, when the news of the death of our co-laborer reached this House, some of us who speak, and many who listen, were startled, not only with the painful intelligence, but with the consciousness of bending beneath the very disease which has deprived our House of so useful a member, and the nation of so faithful a servant. May we not hope, Mr. Speaker, that the hand of afflictive Providence, thus visible among us, will direct us to a more faithful discharge of the high duties imposed upon us; and that while we pause to do honor to the memory of so good a man, we shall resolve to dedicate our services more effectually to the nation, and in our grief, to bury our passions, our pride, and our selfishness?

"One word more, Mr. Speaker, and I will cease to trespass on the patience, or to tax the courtesy of this House. One word more, and I will unite with you and my brother members, in the adoption of those resolutions which give expression to our feelings on this painful bereavement, and then we will separate, that we may, in silence and solitude, extract from this providence the benefits which it is capable of conferring by a right use.

"There are few in this Hall, I imagine, Mr. Speaker, who had not some knowledge of the character of the deceased; and none, I venture to say, who had not a respect for him just in proportion to that knowledge. I confess that, though older than he, I had learned to love the man for the beautiful simplicity of his character, to admire him for his social virtues, and to respect him for his enviable attainments. The friendship which was consequent upon intercourse, was a prize which made life delightful, and the pain consequent upon his unexpected death deprives the grief of utterance. I was proud of his friendship as I was covetous of his intercourse. He was kind in granting both to me.

"'But greater gifts were his—a happier doom,
A brighter genius, and a purer heart;
A fate more envied, and an earlier tomb.'"

LIBRARIES.

An important agent connected with the Sunday Schools is its Library. Few schools are without one; and, under proper restrictions, it becomes a most valuable auxiliary. The first step in regard to it is the selection of the books; and on this depends its whole utility. It is a delicate and difficult task; a task requiring patience, judgment, taste, quickness of perception, and much leisure; qualities so rarely united in an individual, that there are few of these libraries which are *all* that would be desired; although it is gratifying to remark, that their general character is improving, from the fact that very competent persons have been, and still are, employed, in many places, to read the books before they are placed on the shelves for general distribution. I have recently heard of two libraries which have been expurgated of many volumes, found on careful examination to be unsuitable for the children's perusal; and two, containing several hundred volumes each, which had been read entirely through, by the clergyman in one case, and by some proper persons in the other, before they were put into the hands of the pupils. And doubtless there are many similar instances in other Sunday schools.

The library should contain a liberal variety; not confined to *exclusively religious* books, although it should be well supplied with such as would strengthen Christian faith, cultivate a love and reverence for God and sacred things, excite a spirit of gratitude for all the mercies we constantly receive, restrain us from wrong-doing, and arm us against temptation; but should include no book on morals, whose tendency, tone, or principles inculcate anything not pure, honest, generous, benevolent, magnanimous, or promotive of the welfare of individuals or of society. None on natural history, whose chief object is not to lead the mind of the reader from the wonders of the physical world, to the greater wonder —Him who formed them all. None in biography, whose heroes were not rather examples of well-doing—benefactors to their fellow-men—than persons principally famous for their power, or for the revolutions they produced in the world, and the blood they caused to flow; unless, as in the cases of Cain and Herod, the consequences of their evil deeds are so presented as to deter from, rather than invite to, crime. None on civil history, whose sequel does not show the inevitable consequences of profligacy, corruption, irreligion, and other national sins, to be ruin to governments as well as to individuals.

The *style* should in all cases be chaste. It is inexcusable to admit into a library a book, however worthy its object, whose style would lead the young reader to the use of equivocal language, or vitiate a taste perhaps already partially formed on correct models. Whatever, therefore, be the subject of the book, let its tendency be to train the reader to the most appropriate style our language admits of; that, while he is gaining valuable ideas in religion, morals, or other useful knowledge, he may also become familiar with the most finished and approved vehicle of thought;—remembering that no *subject*, however elevated, can consecrate low or inappropriate language, bad syntax, clumsy sentences, or irrelevant figures of speech.

The reading of well-selected poetry should be encouraged, and, of course, may find a place in the Sabbath-school library. But then it must be *poetry* in *fact*, and not in name alone. Good poetry aids in elevating the mind, in purifying the thoughts, refining the taste, and enlarging the fancy. If the memory is stored with suitable selections from some of the best English poets, the individual will have continually within him a prolific source of innocent and rational enjoyment, for both the spring and autumn of life; and not only a source of enjoyment, but the means of contributing to the entertainment and improvement of others.

The library need not be large. A hundred volumes of decidedly good books will benefit the pupils more than five hundred taken at random, or as they are sometimes found, collected for the use of the young. The truth is, we all read too many books. We should *know* more, if we confined our reading to a smaller number. A book that is worth reading for improvement once ought to be re-read; and there are many books, which should be perused so often as to become perfectly familiar to the mind.

It will be found by observation, that persons who are fond of reading, that have access to a small number of good books are much more intelligent than those who read everything, and digest nothing. And the lack of digestion follows this *mental cramming* as certainly as it does a similar process with the food in the stomach.

Every person who reads for hours should give at least one hour to digesting or reflecting upon what he has been reading. By turning over in his own mind the story, the argument, the deduction, he reproduces the results of the author's labors, and is thus able to store them up for future use.

To *run through* books merely for the sake of saying we have read them, is a waste of precious time, and a perversion of the noble faculty bestowed on man alone. [G. F. Thayer.

A CHRISTIAN.

A Christian is born to God, ingrafted into Christ, and a habitation for the Holy Spirit. His nature is renewed, his mind illuminated, his spirit changed.

He is not what he was, for grace hath made a difference; he is not what he desires to be, for grace is not yet perfected; he is not what he shall be, for grace shall be consummated in glory.

The knowledge of Christ, is his treasure; the mind of Christ his evidence; the love of Christ his song; conformity to Christ his life; to be with Christ his pre-eminent desire.

By faith he rests on Christ, receives Christ, and looks to Christ.

He heareth Christ's words, treadeth in Christ's steps and seeketh Christ's approbation.

He speaks the language of the Saviour's kingdom, reveres the Saviour's statutes and laws, obeys his ordinances, wears his costume, and lives to his glory.

The life of Christ within him is the principle of his being; and because Christ ever lives, he shall live also. In the Christian, Christ lives and speaks and acts.

He is Christ's representative on earth, his witness before men, and his follower before God. The Christian hearkens to Christ's teachings, rests on Christ's sacrifice, avails himself of Christ's mediation, and cheerfully obeys Christ's royal laws. He inquires, What would Christ have me know, what do, and what enjoy!

To know Christ, is Christianity intellectual: to obey Christ, Christianity practical; to enjoy Christ, Christianity experimental; and to be like Christ Christianity perfected.

As bread to the hungry, as water to the thirsty, as the rock in the sultry day, is Christ to the Christian.

The Christian is in the world, but not of it; among the world, but yet separated from it; passing through the world without attachment to it.

The idolater boasts in his idols, the Mohammedan in the false prophet, and the Romanist in the Virgin; but the Christian glories only in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ

The Christian is a man, and may err; an imperfect man, and may sin; but a renewed man, and shall have his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

The Christian is a warrior, and must fight; but he is a conquerer, and must prevail.

The Christian sojourns on earth, but dwells in heaven; a pilgrim in the desert, but an enrolled denizen of the skies.

The Christian is the impress of Christ, the reflection of the Father, and the temple of the Holy Ghost.

Contrast him with the infidel, in his faith; with the profligate, in his life; with the merely moral in his heart; and with the Pharisee, in his spirit. His pedigree, from Jehovah; his nature, from heaven; and his name from Antioch. Oh, Christian! great is thy dignity, refulgent thy glory, interminable thy blessed hope. All things are thine; thou art Christ's, and Christ is God's. —[Christian Philosophy.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE. Lord Morpeth, in one of his addresses to the electors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, said: "Reference has been frequently made to the reigns of our former female sovereigns; and indeed every Englishman must fondly look back to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the victories of Anne. But in shaping the desired career of their fair and young successor, we do not wish that her name should rise above the wrecks of the Armada; we do not seek to emblazon her throne with the trophies of such fields as Waterloo. Let her have glories, but such as are not drained from the treasury or dimmed with the blood of her people. Let hers be the glories of peace, of industry, of commerce, and of genius, of justice made more accessible; of education made more universal; of virtue more honored; of religion more beloved; of holding forth the earliest Gospel light to awakened nations: the glories that arise from gratitude for benefits conferred; and the blessings of a loyal and chivalrous, because a contented and admiring people."

HUMILITY. "Remember, Moses wist not that his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of spiritual life and of the ministry. O, for the closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but, O, for a holy ignorance of our shining."

A HAPPY OLD AGE.

'A stranger might have noticed that he (Mr. Wilberforce) was more uniformly cheerful than most men of his time of life. Closer observation showed a vein of Christian feeling, mingling with and purifying the natural flow of a most happy temper; whilst those who lived most continually with him, could trace distinctly in his tempered sorrows, and sustained and almost child like gladness of heart, the continual presence of that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away." The pages of his later journal are full of bursts of joy and thankfulness; and with his children, and his chosen friends, his full heart swelled ever in the same blessed strains; he seemed too happy not to express his happiness; his "song was ever of the loving kindness of the Lord." An occasional meeting at this time with some one who had entered life with him, and were now drawing to its close, with spirits jaded and temper worn in the service of pleasure or ambition, brought out the proof of his better 'choice.' 'This session,' he says, 'I met again Lord——, whom I had known when we were both young, but of whom I had lost sight for many years. He was just again returned to Parliament, and we were locked up together in a Committee-room during a division. I saw that he felt awkward about speaking to me and went therefore up to him. 'You and I, my Lord, were pretty well acquainted formerly.' 'Ah, Mr. Wilberforce,' he said cordially, and then added with a deep sigh, 'you and I are a great many years older now.' 'Yes, we are, and for my part I can truly say, I do not regret it.' 'Don't you?' he said, with an eager and incredulous voice, and a look of wondering dejection which I never can forget.

'You must allow that Mr. Wilberforce is cheerful,' said some of his friends to one who had just spent a week with him in the same house, and who was fixing on religion the old charge of dulness. 'Yes,' she said, in a tone intended to convey reproach, 'and no wonder, I should be always cheerful, too, if I could make myself as sure as he does, that I was going to heaven.'

'His overflowing gratitude to God was the chief feature of his later years. Everything became with him a cause for thanksgiving. When some of the infirmities of years began to press upon him, 'that my declining strength appears likely not to be attended with painful diseases, but rather to lessen gradually, and by moderate degrees! How good a friend God is to me! When I have any complaint it is always so mitigated and softened, as to give me scarcely any pain. Praise the Lord, O my soul. I have had a feverish night, or rather a dreaming and disturbed one, but no headache or pain, D. G. (thanks to God.) What thanks do I owe to my gracious and kind heavenly Father!' And so, when one of his friends had passed through a painful operation, 'Seldom,' he says, 'have I felt anything so deeply. My hard heart quite confounded and overpowered. But I go to prayer. How thankful should I be to be spared such trials, my strength not being equal to them! I humbly commit myself unto him, who surely has given me reason to say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days." And when he was himself threatened with a similar attack, 'O let me commit myself," was his consolation, 'to Him, who has ever poured forth on me his mercies with so lavish a hand ('God is love,') that how can I doubt he will strengthen me for any cross he may see fit to lay on me? But, O Lord, 'if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Oh! may I be able to add from the heart, 'nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' [Life of Wilberforce.

"NO TIME TO READ."

We occasionally hear the remark from heads of families, in relation to the question of taking a religious and literary family newspaper. "It is of no use for me to take a paper, for I have no time to read." This remark is sometimes made by a young husband and father, and sometimes by a young wife and mother. "I have no time to read." What a gloomy prospect this presents for the young growing family. Here are tender inquiring minds, thirsting for knowledge as the tender plants thirst for the dews and rains, under the care of parents who have "no time to read," or, in other words, who have no desire for self-improvement, no mind for seeking information, no thought for the higher nature and its wants. For this is the true state of the case with those who have no time to read. There is no person who has a *mind* to read, a mind in this respect essentially above the brute, but what has opportunities for a good amount of reading, and that without any interference with the other labors of life. The characters we refer to waste time enough in vacuity to store their minds with much useful knowledge, if they *had minds* to be thus enriched.

Do parents realize their responsibilities in that sacred relation? Would they think of taking charge of a garden, or a nursery, without any knowledge of the nature and wants of plants and fruit trees, and the science of their culture? But now they are assuming the care and guidance of a garden of *minds*, minds capable of vast acquisitions in knowledge, virtue and happiness, or of deep degradation and wretchedness. And how much depends upon the influence of early parental converse and instruction.

No time to read? It is false. You have time to read and to think. And the improvement of here and there a half's hour's rest in reading and meditating on important subjects of information, instead of interfering with your other interests, will invigorate the body through the mind, and will furnish the mind with themes of pleasant meditation, which will sweeten toil, and bless the walks of life.

No time to read? It is your duty to improve all the talents God has given you, and especially those that make *the man*. And those who desire knowledge will gain it, even under the greatest press of labor and care.

"Alfred, King of England, though he performed more business than any one of his subjects, found time to study.

Franklin, in the midst of his labors, had time to dive into the depths of philosophy, and explored an untrodden path of science.

Frederic the Great, with an Empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy, and feast on the luxuries of science.

Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with Kings at his ante chamber, and at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books.

And young men who are confined to labor or business even 12 hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left, for study, and which will amount to two months in the course of a year."—[Christian Freeman.

TRIUMPH OF FAITH. During an earthquake that occurred a few years since in the South, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, and at the same time surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old lady, said,

"Mother——, are you not afraid?'

"No," said the mother in Israel, "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world." [Presbyterian.

BEREAVEMENTS.—"Oh, God, how thou breakest into families!—Must not the disease be dangerous when a tender hearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more when God is the operator, who afflicteth *not from his heart*, nor grieveth the children of men." [M'Cheyne.

"WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?"

When Christ was on earth, many persons seem to have gathered themselves unto him, and professed themselves to be his friends from narrow and selfish motives, and especially from mistaken ideas respecting his character, and the nature of his kingdom. They had some confused notions of a temporal sovereignty to be established by Christ, and thus thought their chance of favor and promotion would be better if they were early known as his friends and disciples. These having no root in themselves, endured for a while, but when tribulation or persecution arose because of the word, they were offended. It was, when many, who had joined themselves to him from motives such as these, had turned away, angry at his teachings, that Christ put the question above to the rest of his disciples.

The time when the true Christian gives the most convincing proof of his discipleship is when many who have professed Christ seem to turn away, in coldness and indifference. In the day when religion is popular—when it engrosses the thoughts of the multitude—when large numbers seem to be coming out and joining themselves to the Lord, it is very difficult to tell who are, and who are not his true and devoted friends. At such times it not uncommonly happens, that some one whose piety afterwards proves like the morning cloud and the early dew, is loudest in his professions of attachment and love. It is no new thing, for such an one, in his unnatural and over-heated zeal, to reproach the real friends of Christ, because they do not go fast and far enough for him. But the time of trial is afterward—when the day of mere excitement is over—when the seasons of darkness and discouragement come on. Then it will be shown, who are actuated by real love to Christ, and who are actuated only by love for themselves. It is at such times that the voice of Christ comes to his disciples saying "Will ye also go away?"—[Congregationalist.

THE BIBLE AND THE POETS.

Schlegel, speaking of the poetic portions of the Bible, says without reserve, "These writings form a fiery and Godlike fountain of inspiration, of which the greatest of modern poets have never been weary of drinking; which has suggested to them their noblest images, and animated them for their sublimest flights." I wish to show you some of these remarkable coincidences; and to prove that many of our most admired figures and expressions are either derived from the Scriptures, or may at least be found there; if not in their extended and complete development, unquestionably in their germ, their principle, and their outline. Frequently, too, this may be said with equal truth, of incidents and characters. The similarity between Ahab and Macbeth, between Jezebel and Lady Macbeth; and a parallel resemblance in their style of action, has always struck me exceedingly. The portrait of Macbeth, when matured in villany,

"Bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name,"

precisely describes Ahab; every epithet might be proved by an action. Nevertheless, the excess of wickedness is in both instances to be charged on the influence of their respective wives; who, bolder in mind, and blacker in heart than themselves, became their teachers and tempters in sin. The resemblance between the latter is more perfect. Both were filled "from the crown to the toe, top full of direst cruelty," mingled with a spirit of "pure demoniac firmness," which knew not, or if it knew, heeded not, the relentings of nature. Their minds were compact and integral; they contained no opposing principle which might impede their progress in evil or embitter success; so that murder itself, when apparently a necessary step to the attainment of an object, was consonant with, not contrary to their nature. It was not so with their lords, who, in comparison with each "fiend-like queen," were

"Full o' the milk of human kindness."

Ahab evidenced this after his victory over the Syrians. Benhadad, to whom he had formerly been a vassal, then sent ambassadors to him girded with sack-cloth, and with ropes on their heads, to petition for his life, and Ahab said, "Is he yet alive? he is my brother;" and "he made a covenant with him, and sent him away."

Again: It was by yielding to the dulusions of the "weird sisters," that Macbeth laid the foundation of his after crimes and sorrows; their spells and promises clouded his mind, like emanations from the pit of darkness, which needed but the influence of his wife to quicken into substantial evil. So it was with Ahab: he too, sought to wizards, and them that had evil spirits: "and did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." In the grand crime of each, the murder of Naboth and of Duncan, the parallel is minute and unbroken. Macbeth, who was only a Thane, coveted "the golden round of sovereignty." Ahab, who, already a king, had no need to desire another, was disquieted for a neighbor's vineyard. A proof, by the way, how little it is the intrinsic worth of an object which regulates the desires of an unsanctified heart. Both "would wrongly win," yet in the first instance would "not play false;" one took his disappointment in sullen silence, the other was almost persuaded to rest satisfied as Glamis and Cawdor.

"And Ahab said to his chariot-man, Turn thine hand, that thou mayest carry me out of the host, for I am wounded. And the battle increased that day, howbeit the king of Israel stayed himself up in his chariot against the Syrians till the evening; and about the time of the sun-setting, he died." Their queens also die in a resembling spirit; one having "painted her face and tired her head," is killed with scoffing on her lips; the other expires without one "compunctious visiting," which might prove that remembrance at last awoke remorse.

Lord Byron's descriptive apostrophe to Rome, as "the Niobe of nations"—"childless and crownless in her voiceless woe," "a marble wilderness" and "lone mother of dead empires:" this is, in its primary idea of a decayed kingdom personified as a "a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit," but an eloquent paraphrase of the opening of Lamentations: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among nations, and princes among provinces, how is she become tributary! she weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her: they are become her enemies."

Again. I know you greatly admire the same poet's "Ode to Napoleon." Do so; but admire also Isaiah's Ode on the fall of Sennacherib, the Napoleon of Babylon; and observe, too, that independent of a general resemblance throughout in point of structure, Lord Byron's first and finest stanza is altogether derived from the prophet.

> "'T is past — but yesterday a king,
> And armed with kings to strive,
> And now, thou art a nameless thing;
> So abject, yet alive!
> Is this the man of thousand thrones,
> Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
> And can he thus survive?
> Since he, miscalled the morning star,
> Nor man, nor fiend, hath fallen so far."

"He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke is persecuted, and none hindereth. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning: how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken nations! They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness?"

The chariot of Carmala in Southey's "Kehama," will remind you of Ezekiel's sublime vision of the wheels and cherubims; and the "winged hands, armless and bodiless," which bear the magic globe into the cave of Lorinite, will also remind you of the hand which brought the roll of a book to the prophet and of the hands which he discerned beneath the wings of the cherubims.

The mantles—

> "White
> As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow,"

in which Kailyal and Ladurdad are arrayed, as alone enabling them to pass the fiery flood which interposes between them and the throne of Yamen, will suggest to you the scripture metaphors of "the wedding garment," and the "fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints." In one of the passages of this fervent and golden-hearted historian, as well as poet, the crowning charm lies in a descriptive phrase which frequently occurs in the Bible. "As the soldiers were carrying him (Sir John Moore) slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see the field of battle, and listen to the firing, and he was pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring wagon came up, bearing Col. Wynch, who was wounded: the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed in the wagon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the wagon or the blanket was the best, and the man said, the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. So they proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, *weeping as they went*."

Campbell's expression—

> "Her march is on the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

will remind you of the Psalmist's—"Thy path is in the sea, and thy footsteps in the great deep." When a poet said that the Apollo Belvidere appears to have shot the arrow "less by an effort than a command," he expressed a noble idea, worthy the deity in stone. But when Habakkuk says of the Holy One, "He stood—and measured the earth; he beheld—and drove asunder the nations," the sublime conception of power exercised by the mere volition of will, is carried to a height worthy the true living God—the God of heaven!—Young well expresses the same style of sentiment:

> "Whose word was Nature's birth,
> The shadow of whose hand is Nature's shield,
> Her dissolution, her suspended smile."

But the grand treasure house for thoughts of this order, is the Old Testament: "Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good: thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust; thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever; the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

Washington Irving says of the oak, that it "assimilates in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man: and is an emblem of what a nobleman should be—a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, and a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power." A fine similitude, but not, surely, finer than the prophet's: "The tree that thou sawest, which grew and was strong; whose height reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to all the earth; whose leaves were fair and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all; under which the beasts of the field dwelt, and upon whose branches the fowls of the heaven had their habitation. It is thou, O King, that art grown and become strong."

[Miss Jewsbury.

CLASS OPINIONS—A FABLE.—A lamb strayed for the first time into the woods; and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough; but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar; and, by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba—a—!" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the deer, 'I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough till I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and with all his skipping, gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts criticised the lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good lamb, nevertheless. —[Dickens's Household Words.

THE GOOD CHILDREN. A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day *to make others happy*, found her young twin daughters silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother—only one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of her class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her, she said I was good. This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly. "A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck. But I do not know why she said that I was good." "Come to my arms, beloved ones," said the mother, "to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, August 24, 1850.

DR. BEECHER.

On Sunday evening we listened in Park Street Church, to a sermon by the venerable Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati, and it was an occasion worthy of notice. It was the first time for fourteen years since we had seen him or heard him speak, except for a moment in a public meeting. He has now the burden of seventy-five years upon him. But, except that his movement was a little less elastic, and his figure bore the marks of age, there was little change. In his face he does not appear a day older. His features, cut out of granite and so expressive of resolution and self-reliance, are the same; his gestures are still as angular and almost as forcible as the piston of a steam-engine; his sermon was marked by the same prompt, emphatic, Saxon and *staccato'd* style, by intense metaphors, by a rapid and fearless logic which is ready to cut a difficulty which it cannot unloose, and by the same contempt as of old, for all the small graces of the holiday orator and an entire abandonment of himself to the subject and the work in hand. His mind seemed unaffected by years, with the exception that there was less of that vehement, fiery, overbearing illustration with which he formerly carried away his audience, and, as we thought, bewildered himself. The tones of his voice were as stirring and rousing as they ever were.

But while age has apparently taken nothing away, it has given him a grace which he formerly possessed in a less degree. Dr. B was apparently, by nature, of an imperious and (we use the word in its best sense) of a despotic temper. The will must always have been very strong. It appeared in his way of thinking and intensified his style. Though a warm, tender-hearted, sympathetic, and humane man, he must have been one who never willingly allowed another to take the lead, when he was present. He is a man of a leading and commanding spirit, and Unitarians have had abundant experience of the uncomfortable sides of such a character. But as he has grown older—it is one of the blessed rewards of a good life—he has grown more tolerant. There was something in his manner and tone on Sunday evening which indicated more of tenderness and patience towards the erring, his exhortations had more of the affectionate and less of the overbearing and authoritative, and the loving and kindly and gracious sentiments of a good man have been growing and diffusing themselves through his nature, to be the fitting ornament of his age.

It was not our intention, however, to describe Dr. Beecher, so much as to speak of the impression made in another way by listening to this honored minister of Christ. Reserving all our rights to oppose his opinions and to dislike much that he has in past times done, he is in our view a noble old man, and in these days, when so many ministers are ready to desert their profession, an example worthy of being pondered by his brethren.

Dr. Beecher is now seventy-five years old. He has spent more than fifty years of devoted labors, not to become rich, not to surround himself with the appliances of comfort and luxury, not to gain reputation, but to make his fellow men wiser, better, and happier—in labors to diminish the amount of sin and wretchedness in the world, and to lead men to a filial obedience to God. We doubt not that there are thousands who but for his ministry would have been self-seeking, worldly, often to a greater or less degree corrupt men, and bringing up their children under the debasing influences which always exist when the heads of a family are of this character; we doubt not, we say, that there are thousands of such who are virtuous and Christian men and women, the true benefactors and pillars of society, happy in their homes and their hopes of heaven, and rearing up children to walk in the same good way, and who owe this, under Providence, to Dr. Beecher. He has brought up a family of sons and daughters, the worthy descendants of such a stock, and has infused into them a spirit which has made them devote themselves to the same blessed and honorable work as the father.

Surely if any one is permitted to say that he has done enough, that he has a right to cease from labor and take his ease and consult his pleasure or his taste, Dr. B. might have said it years ago But not so. He aska no exemption from usefulness. And as we saw him stand in the pulpit, not merely to preach a sermon for pay or as an amateur, not to exhibit himself, not to be admired, not to gain any earthly advantage, but with the one, evident and sole purpose of winning men to Christ and to heaven, when we remembered how long his labors had been continued, how much he had done, and saw him using up the last remains of physical strength in his Master's service, we could not but say in our own heart, 'this is a life worth living,—this is the noble and fitting close to a good man's life.'

All sects are complaining of the small number who enter the ministry. As we looked on Dr. B. and remembered what he had been and what he was, it seemed to us that it would be difficult for a generous, high-purposed and Christian young man to conceive of a more attractive vocation than the Christian Ministry. What kind of life is better worth the living? What sort of life would one as an old man be more willing to look back upon, than one in which he had devoted his powers to the promotion of human good?

Dr. Beecher preached a doctrinal sermon. But we confess that whatever doctrines he might have set forth, we should have thought them unimportant compared with the higher doctrine displayed in a life of such faithful and devoted labors. The true minister of Christ is he who endeavors heartily to make men Christians. The moral purpose embraces and assimilates and controls the intellectual opinions. They who have thus labored for the highest and lasting welfare of men, and labored at the sacrifice of ease and gain and the great prizes of life, are in the highest sense, the servants of God. The prosperity of the Church and the great interests of mankind are identified with such men. We care little to what sect they belong. A great and good man, when he seems to be only building up a sect, is really laboring for the world, and he is often more useful to those who are classed as his opponents, than he is to those who are ranked as his friends.

MISSIONARY LABORS IN THE WEST. We understand that Rev. Mr. DeLange, who is employed as a missionary by the American Unitarian Association, has been laboring with a good degree of success in Illinois and Iowa. At Davenport, Como, Dixon, Rock Island and Sterling, he has found a good many interested in our views and willing to contribute liberally for the support of religious instruction. And could laborers be found to enter portions of this field, new Societies might soon be established.

THE PRESENT FORM OF INFIDELITY

Christianity has not now to contend, to any considerable extent, with direct arguments against the authenticity of its records or the validity of its doctrines. There are indeed within the nominal church loose notions on the subjects of inspiration, authority, and miracle, which none can regret more heartily than we do. But this is an evil confined within very narrow limits; nor have we the slightest fear of the permanence or the extensive diffusion of any form of skepticism that rests on argument, or can be met by argument. The armory of Christian literature offers weapons of proof against every form of direct or insidious assault, and every professed theologian has, or ought to have, his quiver full of them. The sincere doubter, who will only follow up his doubts with patient research, is on the high road to faith. Infidelity, we apprehend, assumes among us chiefly the form, not of unbelief, but of *non-belief*. Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," is the type of thousands of respectable and influential men and women. Secular interests pre-occupy their minds and shut out higher themes. The world so fills their hearts, that religion can find no place. They, indeed, take the truth of Christianity for granted, but much in the same way in which they do the existence of the Desert of Sahara or the frigid zone. They do not profess to disbelieve it; but it lies wholly out of their track. All the avenues of industry and enterprise are more than ever before crowded with competitors; and he, who would keep even pace with the multitude, must give his whole mind to the race. A business life is more engrossing, complicated, harassing, perilous, than at any previous period. Nor is it business men, only, that are drawn into the snare of excessive worldliness. It is spread for those of every condition, age and sex. The same reckless, unspiritual absorption of all interest and feeling in the passing scene marks the recreation no less than the earnest pursuits and aims of the present day, and may be as distinctly traced in the fashionable and pleasure-hunting as in the anxious and care-cumbered. It grows out of the marvellously rapid and still progressive development of material interests of every class. Discovery, invention, instantaneous communication, rapid locomotion, shifting phases of the political world, fashions and opinions poured in from every corner of Christendom, crowd into a year's life more numerous and more various thoughts, plans, hopes, fears, cares, and pleasures, than would have found their way into a whole lifetime a century ago.

The question is, we have no doubt, asked by many, "If there is any reality in the (so-called) truths of religion, why do they call forth no responsive consciousness in my soul? These worldly interests are real and tangible,—I can feel and appreciate them; why, if there be a spiritual world, do I find it so hard to attain a sense of its existence? Why do God, Christ, and Heaven, as objects of thought, seem to me so remote, vague and unreal?" We reply that the tone and temper of the age or the community determine, for most persons, what objects shall seem real and near, and what remote and shadowy. The general sentiment, which every one indeed helps create, is to the majority of individuals the only medium of spiritual discernment. They decide for each other more than for themselves, what are the realities of life. We might refer to widely different states of society in illustration of this principle. Probably religious ideas never had so strong a hold upon any body of men as upon our Puritan ancestors two centuries ago. They lay at the basis of the state no less than of the church. The governors prayed and prophesied in the congregation. Citizens became so by first owning their citizenship of a heavenly country. Almost every family was a church, almost every father was a priest. Sacrifice for conscience' sake, the surrender of gain for godliness, was a matter of daily occurrence and common observation. With the slender and precarious earthly inheritance that had fallen to these exiles, we cannot but believe that spiritual truths, facts, and laws seemed in general more real to them than outward interests. The shadow of the unseen rested on every object, and followed every person in the scenes and pursuits of his daily life. Now, in such a state of society, it would be hard for any individual to live without a sense of the paramount importance of religion. Even the most abandoned and profligate would dread the power that they outraged,—the retribution that they dared,—would sin with the bottomless pit in near view, and would never lose sight of the purpose of ultimate repentance. Infidelity would assume a wary, serious, reflective aspect, would rest on the show of argument, and would treat religion as a subject of prime importance, demanding to be carefully considered, and deliberately judged. There was indeed among the Puritans a leaven of iniquity; and even the *Magnalia Christi* is disfigured by the record of some gross sins; but one would probably have looked in vain through the Puritan stock of Massachusetts in the sixteenth century for a single specimen of what is now so common,—an easy, contented, fearless indifference and worldliness.

For an opposite picture, we might look at the reign of atheism in France. The grossest vices, the most outrageous crimes were then the order of the day. The common restraints and bonds of civilized society were all cut loose, and the self-respecting citizens of Milton's Pandemonium would have been corrupted by a residence in Paris. In that carnival season of sensuality and violence, nothing is more striking than the ease and naturalness with which the then rising generation adapted itself to utter lawlessness as the appropriate and only fitting condition of society. The realities of common decency, truth and honor were no longer realities to the general apprehension. All that was brutish and fiendish seemed congenial; and he who should have led a chaste, upright, quiet, and industrious life, would have been regarded as pursuing unreal abstractions, just as among the worldlings of our own age and country, he is regarded who is seeking the higher attainments and cultivating the more recondite graces of the Christian character.

Thus does the medium, through which the generality of people view things earthly and heavenly, human and divine, vary from age to age, and from land to land. But human opinion and sentiment, in themselves considered, are as trustworthy in one generation or country as in another. We have no more reason for acquiescing in the now prevalent estimate of secular and religious interests, than the Puritans or the profligate Parisians had for like acquiescence. The fashion of this world changes and passes away; but truth is eternal and immutable. There is a fixed relation between the body and the soul, between time and eternity, which is entirely independent of the aspect in which it is regarded by this or that generation of men. If our Saviour's question, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul!" was worthy to be asked eighteen centuries ago, it can have lost nothing of its appalling significance. Nay, if worldliness so abounds that the question falls lifeless upon the ear, there is only the more imperative reason for giving it a prolonged emphasis till it can reach the heart. Nor does the spirit of the age, if it cherish religious indifference, contribute aught towards justifying or palliating it. The means of a just estimate of the claims and obligations of Christianity are within every one's reach. The oracle of revelation utters no uncertain response. The fearful realities of the death-chamber and the grave-side have lost nothing of their impressiveness. The broad road, that used to lead to perdition, has not been turned towards the celestial city; and the narrow path still lies on the chart of life as the only way to a painless immortality. Because multitudes are indifferent and reckless, individual responsibility is not shortened; for every one must tread alone through the valley of the death-shadow, and take his solitary place before the judgment-seat of the Eternal.

[For the Register]

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Will you let me draw your attention to an article in the "INTERNATIONAL," a magazine recently established in New York, for which doubtless the largest possible circulation will be secured, since, at the low price at which it is offered, only an extensive sale can remunerate the publishers for the expense they incur. I would direct the notice of your readers to this article, that they may be aware of the tone of remark which is likely to distinguish a work which they may be solicited to encourage, and especially that they may have before them an example of the manner in which revelation is defended by its unwise friends. "An argument against the Unity of the Human Race" is "an attack upon the Christian Religion!" The writer who constructs such an argument is guilty of "assailing the religion of the people," of this country! Perhaps the latter assertion is true, for the popular religion not only eschews discrimination in its treatment of the contents of the Bible, but is prone to confound its own dogmatic interpretation of a passage of Scripture with the real import and design of the passage; but to suppose the authority of the Christian religion to rest upon the meaning that shall be given to one or two verses in the introductory portion of the book of Genesis, would be supremely ridiculous if it were not in the highest degree mischievous.

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[The following is the article to which our correspondent refers, and we agree entirely with what he says:—]

"Prof. AGASSIZ of Harvard College appears in the last number of the *Christian Examiner*—an able periodical, which no degree or affectation of "liberality" should have tempted to the admission of such a paper—in an elaborate argument against the Unity of the Human Race. It is ridiculous to attempt a disguise of this matter: the proposition of Prof. Agassiz is an attack upon the Christian religion, and he is guilty of scandalous dishonesty in endeavoring to evade its being so considered. He has undoubtedly a right to pursue any investigation to which he may be led by a love of science, and, guarding himself about with humility and candor, he has a right to accept the results which may be offered in the premises by a careful induction. But the right to assail the commonly received opinions of mankind, especially the right to assail a people's religion, has other and very rigid conditions, which will not, we are persuaded, justify this new outbreak of the restless spirit of infidelity. Certainly, it would have become Prof. Agassiz, before venturing upon the course he has adopted, to dissociate himself from a University to which so many of the youth of the country have been sent without any thought on the part of their parents that they were to be exposed there to influences which they would dread above all others. There is no right to offer, except to *men*, capable of its thorough apprehension, any new or questionable or unsettled doctrine. Prof. Agassiz should have been in a condition to receive in his own person the consequences of a failure to establish his theory. We have no fears as to the result of the controversy upon which he has entered. No man, worthy to be called a Christian scholar, deprecates the subjection of the Bible to any tests that are possible. It has withstood in the last two centuries quite too much of sham science to be in any way affected by the logic of Prof. Agassiz. Still, the appearance of such a paper in the *Christian Examiner*—the chief organ of American Unitarianism—is significant of a state of feeling and opinion to be regretted, and it should summon to the conflict the men whose predecessors made every similiar wave of Infielity bring support and strength to the bases of the rock of Christianity."

MEMOIR OF JOHN BROMFIELD.

BY HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

No man among us has done more by his life to perpetuate the virtues of the dead than Josiah Quincy, and no one has done more by his works to perpetuate their memory. The Memoir of his father, Josiah Quincy jr., is one of the most interesting pieces of American biography. We do not see how any one can rise from its perusal without having all his better feelings quickened. The History of Harvard University is a gallery of living potraits, worthy of the men whom they bring before us. The Memoir of Graham, the historian, is a beautifully affecting sketch of a life singularly pure, and marked by a most religious fidelity to high intellectual purposes. The account of Mr. Shaw, through some accident, it has not been our privilege to read. But our attention has now been called to the subject by a Memoir of John Bromfield, one of those princely Boston merchants, who, by their liberal benefactions while living, and their generous bequests to public objects, have done so much to give a name and a character to our city. Mr. Bromfield's life was marked by few striking incidents, and furnishes only the slightest materials for his biographer. But these are put together with great skill in a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, and leave on the mind a strong impression of the sterling and generous qualities of one whom we are glad to remember as a public benefactor.

It is now sixty years since the author of this pamphlet was graduated at Harvard College. He has filled the most important and honorable public stations. At no period has the integrity of his official conduct been made to screen any degree of private dishonesty or profligacy, and never has the purity of his private life been held up as an excuse for his public deeds: but the same severe principles of moral rectitude, the same conscientious and almost chivalrous fidelity to duty, the same high notions of honor, without fear and without stain, have guided him in his public and his private walks. No man ever more entirely identified himself with his office, or more entirely forgot all personal predilection and interests in the performance of his public duties. It is refreshing to be permitted to look back on such a life,—such singleness of purpose, such candor, devotedness, enthusiasm, such intellectual strength united with such moral intrepidity, and so firm a religious faith. It is pleasant to find in him at the age of nearly fourscore years, the same nervous clearness of expression, and the same warmth of feeling, which distinguished his earlier writings. He is now engaged mostly in those private occupations which give dignity and beauty to the close of a life spent in the public service. The quiet pursuits of literature and agriculture share his time with the many claims of friendship and the more sacred affections which bind him to his own family.

Youthful Sins Detective. Youthful Virtue Redemptive.

The early development of a vicious tendency is not only a baleful prophecy, but it often becomes the means by which the hardened character,—exhibiting that tendency in its maturity of deformity,—is detected and brought to punishment. A bad habit, begun in youth, has in many instances proved something more than the rooted germ of future guilt; its juvenile manifestations have frequently proved the direct instrument of summoning the old offender to judgment, and covering him with disgrace.

We once knew of two boys at school, of contrasted dispositions. One was sly, cunning, tricky, treacherous. He would cheat at marbles, lay petty plots for selfish pleasure, conceal his designs, and put a goodly outside on falsehood. The other was frank, honest and generous. His heart was as open as his hand, and neither was belied by his countenance. He was as penetrating as the other; but his insight was that of a single eye, and his shrewdness the wisdom of a straight-forward and upright mind. The two boys were acquaintances and playmates; but they separated, and for many years each went his own way with very little knowledge of the other.

Both were apparently successful. Both rose in social consideration, both were ranked among respectable men, and in commercial circles both were honored with offices of trust and such marks of confidence as usually follow decided financial ability. But, as if by some secret retributive purpose of Providence, the false man was kept in positions where, if the opportunity of fraud was more tempting, the responsibility to others was also more immediate. The criminal temper that was not checked in childhood, but has been wickedly indulged so long, must make fearful reprisals on his peace.

After a time the false man and the true man meet; and after this manner. The former is the salaried agent of a Corporation, of which the latter afterwards finds himself one of the Trustees. There is a large deficit in the accounts; somewhere in the course of long and large transactions, and a complicated system of financial machinery managed by many hands, the Company have become heavy losers. Inquiries are busy, suspicions are astir, and scandalous rumors are in circulation. But amidst the general distrust, this particular agent's character seems to stand quite above a shadow of reproach. So skilfully has he played his part that the wariest and sharpest men of business confide in him. He has perfected his art of deception so thoroughly that the very victims of his knavery feel themselves under special obligations to his vigilance, and say to one another, "How necessary this officer is to our affairs; and what a disinterested servant!" By common consent, whoever else turns out to be a villain, his virtue is certain and incorrupt!

The Trustee remembers his crafty school-mate, not vindictively but sorrowfully, and very accurately. Present specious appearances are outweighed by the deeply written impressions of boyhood, so far at least as to prompt him to an investigation. Keeping his thoughts to himself, he proceeds to a private examination. His approach to the defaulter's desk is like the step of doom. The guilty conscience flies back to the school-room and the play-ground. Artifices will avail no longer. The character of each has gone on ripening as it began. The swindler feels that a host of forgotten witnesses are rising against him. One look into that clear face assures him that the game is up. He stands, pale, trembling, faint at heart, while the Trustee turns over the leaves of his books. And why? Because this man alone holds a key to his schemes which threatens him more trouble than the keenest scrutiny without it. A few desperate plunges, and the self-exposed criminal is disgraced,—a ruined and detested creature,—a human wreck, a solemn warning of the infallible retributions for sin that go on gathering up their vengeance, through secure and prosperous years.

By a corresponding law, we get encouragement. A good principle, established early, sends down a saving influence to the latest age. One strong virtue, springing from a holy motive, cherished from youth, will overcome many a temptation. Good resolves are mightier and more lasting than vicious propensities, just as musical notes and fine harmonies reach farther than discords. At the late funeral pageant in this city, bands of instrumental music were located at short intervals throughout the procession. But there was one band of such exquisite performance and such perfect accord, that it sent out its clear, soft, ringing vibrations above and beyond all the rest; its sweet, strong, rich notes were borne aloft over all intervening instruments, and the grand dirge they formed fell on the distant listener's ear as distinctly as if there were no other sound in the streets. Louder and harsher pieces were quite subordinated and hushed under that round, full, penetrating, silvery strain. There is a controlling and far-reaching power like that in the harmony of a holy temper. Vice may raise a louder cry; but it is a discord, and must die away. Goodness has a still small voice; but it rings out wide and high over the march of years, and brings us echoes from the utmost verge of life.

HONOR TO THE DEAD.

Our paper being printed on Thursday morning, we were not able last week to give an account of the obsequies in honor of General Taylor. It is now so late that we shall not attempt to describe them and yet we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a word.

There is something in such ceremonies, so elaborately prepared, which to many minds, as they look forward to them, is artificial, cold and repellant. And yet, as a matter of fact, there is such an adaptation between them and human nature that few are insensible to their influence. We confess that the spectacle to us was an imposing one. The whole city and the surrounding country filling the streets—the streets on either side lined with badges of mourning—the closed shops—the silence of the multitude—and at length the tolling bells, the minute guns, the immense procession headed by the military, amongst whom were conspicuous those who had been under Gen. Taylor's command, and then the low wailing dirges of the military bands as they passed by,—in all this there is something which few can resist. There were not many, we suspect, who as they looked on, did not find their throats choke and their eyes unawares becoming dim. It is inexplicable to us. Is the impression owing to the sense of loss in this way brought vividly before the general mind?—is it that all heroic memories are awakened by such a scene? is it that these thousands are brought to look together at the great mystery of death?—or is it the vague thought that after a few years, all these thousands, their banners and music and banded strength, shall have likewise passed away! We know not. It is sufficient for us, that the scene powerfully moved us. We have no disposition to criticise such occasions. We find that we are not independent and self-subsistent enough to resist being carried away on the general stream of feeling; and we are glad of it. If any one calls it childish, we are glad that we have so much of childhood left.

For ourselves we think these funeral observances both appropriate and useful. There is no sentiment so valuable and so inspiring as respect for excellence; and the respect which men feel is very closely connected with the respect which they show. It would be a mournful thing for the land, if a just and kind and good man, occupying the place of highest trust, could die without making a profound impression on the popular mind. It is only in the decay of civilization, in the midst of a general selfishness and egotism, that such an event is regarded as a mere accident of no account except as it transfers power from one hand to another.

It is well with a land whose people are moved by the memory of heroic achievements, who honor the brave and loyal while they live and mourn for them when they are gone, who value their rulers not merely because they are skilful statesmen but also because they are just men, whose hearts and imaginations are touched and awed by the solemn mysteries of death, and who respect themselves enough to respect those whom they entrust with the destinies of their country.

We are glad therefore not only that the dead should be honored, but be honored in those ways which give a visible expression to a common feeling and so unite all together in that common feeling. We rejoice to see the signs of respect for one whom men believe to have possessed in a high degree the best qualities of a magnanimous, true-hearted man. We have not always sympathized with the enthusiasm of politicians in welcoming to power some one from whom they hoped to derive benefit, but we do sympathize with the hearts of the people who mourn the loss of one who is believed to have been an upright and patriotic man.

[For the Register.]

MR. EDITOR,—The following extract is from a letter recently received from a lady in Paris. It may possess some interest for your readers:—

"Materials for writing are now furnished me in profusion, for I see subjects for composition all around me. It requires but a *head* to work them into page upon page. I do not speak now of sights alone. They are much. But there are other scenes, from which might be written letters of all kinds and descriptions. The state of things as they exist in the moral, religious, political, and social world around me furnishes ample subjects for the pen of an able writer. They all furnish me with food for reflection, and cause me often to mourn over the condition of so large a portion of my fellow-creatures. I have always looked upon France, in a physical light, as one of the fairest portions of creation. The beauty of nature reigns in luxurious diffusiveness over the whole land. It is common to say, 'La belle France,' 'Sunny France;' and it is all that. But how unfortunate it is that so many dark spots of sin and error dim its lustre. The people seem to labor under such gross *mistakes*—for it is almost impossible to believe that the whole of a nation can wilfully shut its eyes to the truth. How often have I said to myself, as I sat by the window of the Hotel du Rhin, and witnessed the multitudes of men, women, and children, who poured in streams through the streets, 'Is there, I wonder, one truly religious soul among them?' I have never known the French very intimately, but I have lived a good deal among them, have seen them in a general way upon trying occasions, and have observed them closely, and I could never see any one thing for which to respect them. The laxity of their morals is revolting, frightful, and they possess a littleness of character that leads one to despise them. All may be summed up in five words—They have no real religion.

"There is one thing in them that is striking, and that is the general intelligence of the people. You see it among the lower classes. They all, both men and women, seem to comprehend the state of their country. They know the causes of their revolutions, will tell you of the bad policy of Louis Philippe, of the causes that led to his downfall. They will talk to you of Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine. They will tell you of the discussions at the Assembly. What would you think, could you hear our M—— or C—— talk eloquently of the doings in our Congress? And yet this is the character of what I hear from the lips of the French domestics.

"You will see very common people walk through the Louvre; nurses with their children, &c., criticising Titian and Vandyke. The Louvre is always open on Sunday to the people, and this familiarity with paintings from childhood, gives to all classes some knowledge and appreciation of the art.

"I returned from church about two hours ago. It is a small gathering of Wesleyan Episcopalians in a very small chapel. It was quite full this morning, and L——counted, he tells me, about twenty Americans among the congregation. The rest were English. The clergyman is a Scotchman. The sermon was extemporaneous, and some parts quite eloquent. He spoke many fine truths and used much fine language. But the discourse was rambling and it was very difficult to define the subject. But I am glad we have such a little sanctuary to attend. I feel it good to be there. The gay, trifling world of Paris was for a time shut out, and for a few hours we realized it was the Sabbath day. But once more in the street after service was over, and the holy spell was broken. Long lines of gay equipages were on their way to the Champs Elysees to promenade their fashionable occupants, and the sidewalks were crowded with thousands of people—all dressed in their holiday suits—bent upon pleasure. As we passed the beautiful Madeleine, numbers were descending its steps to take their way to some public exhibition or garden. They had said their prayers, and now for fun and frolic the rest of the day.

"I fear that you will receive very exaggerated accounts of the present threatened troubles here, and make yourselves uneasy on our account. It is true difficulties have been apprehended. But within forty-eight hours (May 20th,) the danger seems to have blown over. It is said that Paris was never so strongly guarded as now. Two hundred thousand men stand ready to take up arms in its defence within an hour's notice. We were at Versailles last Friday and were informed that the day before the lancers and carabiniers had received orders to have their lances and swords *sharpened* and ready for service. Capt R. says he has never known such an order given before in time of peace. This rather alarmed me. In fact no one felt easy. But I trust nothing serious will happen."

[For the Register.]

We are permitted to make the following extract from a Sermon preached in a neighboring village, a few Sundays since, on the subject of "the Divine Forgiveness and its relations to Sanctification and Salvation." The Sermon was called forth by circumstances attendant upon a recent execution, and a passage having direct reference thereto is the one extracted.

"It has been reported, in the public prints, of one recently executed for a most atrocious crime, and guilty of it by his own confession, that he expressed, at the gallows, a perfect assurance of his preparedness to die, of his fitness for heaven, and of an immediate entrance upon its joys; and it is reported, also, of his spiritual attendants and advisers, that they coincided in these views and assurances of the dying criminal, giving public expression of the fact that they did so. What may have been their ideas of heaven or of what constitutes fitness for its joys; or by what swift process a human being so hardened and depraved as to allow himself to premeditate and to do that awful deed, became, in a few days, not only a penitent and converted man, but a regenerated and sanctified one, does not appear. No men could be more worthy of respect than the clergymen who were present, and we are certain that no men could more earnestly and faithfully endeavor to discharge the most painful and trying duty they were called on to perform; but we must entirely dissent from the view which would warrant them, under the circumstances, not merely in holding out the hope of God's mercy, but the assurance of immediate and heavenly bliss. We think this not only erroneous, but that in supposing that the consequences of sin are so easily escaped from, it offers a license to sin which the tempted do not need and which it is safe for no one to cherish. For little as any such lesson is intended, what is it but saying in effect,—Go on in a course of crime and blood, do what your lusts and passions are prompting you to, and, at the worst, if you should be detected and condemned to die, in a week's time, or less, you can be rid of all evil consequences of your guilt, and be sent on to heaven with as sure a passport as those who (foolishly?) heard the voice of God and stood in awe and sinned *not!* What is it but an irreverent contradiction of that word of Scripture, "as a man soweth so shall he also reap"—putting this commentary upon it,—'Sow to your hellish lusts, and, the same season, without waiting even so long a time as for a harvest from your wheat, you shall reap the blessedness of heaven!' What is it but a bold derision of Christ's solemn words when he says,—'Better cut off a right hand, pluck out a right eye, than that they should be the means of leading you to sin!' *Why* better! If both sin and its effects can so soon and so easily be removed!—if a few sighs and tears of regret, and passionate exclamations and convulsive emotions, when one's fate is sealed, and earthly hope has gone, and lying and all deception have been tried in vain, if these will suffice to efface all stains from the soul as readily as water the blood of slaughtered innocence from the hands, and permit one to exchange at once the implement of murder for the palm of salvation!—God forbid that we should be unwilling to cherish compassion and hope for the sinful—for the most sinful.' That God has compassion for them, and that in that compassion there is hope, there is forgiveness, there is salvation, most firmly do I believe. But I believe as firmly that the condition to this *last* result, at least to any well-grounded *assurance* of it, is something more than sorrow and confession, than a state of mind born of mental excitement, and which might—God only knows—which *might* all come to naught—were the circumstances producing that excitement to cease to exist, and the individual be free again to follow the bent of his desires. Nay more—I believe that sorrow however godly, and confession however penitent, that prayers however heartfelt, and resolves seen of God to be sincere and abiding, cannot give, at once—*cannot*, in the nature of things, by the ordination of the Almighty as seen and felt in the structure of our mental and moral constitution, cannot give redemption from the power of sin—sanctification, purity. "*Work* out your salvation," says the Scripture. Not merely *weep* it out, nor *pray* it out. "Not he that saith, Lord, Lord"—at the last hour, or any hour, "shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth the will* of my Father." "To them who by *patient continuance in well doing* seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life."

Notices of New Publications.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER AND SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, 1850.

The public is indebted to the enterprise and taste of Ticknor & Co. for the beautiful edition of De Quincey's works, of which this is the first volume.

Were we to select the eight or ten English authors of the last half century who were endowed by nature in the highest degree with the somewhat vague but glorious attribute of *genius*,—with that power which not only masters and reconstructs existing materials, but overpasses the limits which others have reached and opens new regions to human thought—we should place among that number Coleridge and De Quincey. It shows how slight the connection is between great intellectual powers, and elevated qualities of character, that both of these men should become and live the slaves of a habit which degrades its victims as men, breaks down the continuous energy of the mind, and compels them to creep through life, cowering before men, haunted by shame and remorse, and tortured with nameless and indefinable horrors. It shows another thing;—the certainty of that retribution which overhangs every violation of the Law of God.

Coleridge is dead and De Quincy still living. But in both, their wonderful powers were early shattered by opium-eating. Their minds instead of shining continuously, broke forth interruptedly, like light through clouds. In all their productions we see that the mental faculties act by fits and starts, irresolutely, uncertainly, showing their native brightness for a moment and then obscured by crossing clouds. Except in a few cases, the works of both have been fragmentary, desultory, rambling, purple patches on beggar's weeds. Men wondered why those who could do so much, did no more. Coleridge's life and De Quincey's Confessions reveal

piritual attendants and ed in these views and minal, giving public ex- ey did so. What may ven or of what consti- by what swift process ed and depraved as itate and to do that aw- days, not only a pen- but a regenerated and pear. No men could ct than the clergymen e are certain that no and faithfully endeavor nful and trying duty rform; but we must en- w which would war- umstances, not merely God's mercy, but the nd heavenly bliss. We ous, but that in sup- nces of sin are so easily a license to sin which nd which it is safe for ittle as any such lesson saying in effect,—Go nd blood, do what your mpting you to, and, at be detected and con- e time, or less, you can ences of your guilt, and n as sure a passport as eard the voice of God ned *not?* What is it ction of that word of oweth so shall he also ommentary upon it,— sts, and, the same sea- n so long a time as for eat, you shall reap the What is it but a bold olemn words when he a right hand, pluck out a should be the means of y better! If both sin and so easily be removed! rs of regret, and passion- nvulsive emotions, when earthly hope has gone, tion have been tried in to efface all stains from ater the blood of slaught- hands, and permit one to plement of murder for !—God forbid that we cherish compassion and the most sinful. That r them, and that in that pe, there is forgiveness, firmly do I believe. But that the condition to this any well-grounded *assur-* more than sorrow and of mind born of mental might—God only knows e to naught—were the g that excitement to cease ual be free again to fol- ires. Nay more—I be- ver godly, and confession prayers however heartfelt, d to be sincere and abid- e—*cannot*, in the nature ation of the Almighty as cture of our mental and not give redemption from tification, purity. "*Work* ys the Scripture. Not *pray* it out. "Not he —at the last hour, or any e kingdom of heaven, but of my Father." "To *continuance in well doing* or and immortality, eternal

ew Publications.

ISH OPIUM-EATER AND Sea- By Thomas De Quincey. Bos- fields, 1850.

d to the enterprise and taste e beautiful edition of De ich this is the first volume. e eight or ten English au- entury who were endowed t degree with the somewhat ibute of *genius*,—with that asters and reconstructs ex- verpasses the limits which d opens new regions to hu- uld place among that num- incey. It shows how slight n great intellectual powers, of character, that both of me and live the slaves of a its victims as men, breaks nergy of the mind, and com- rough life, cowering before e and remorse, and tortured finable horrors. It shows ertainty of that retribution y violation of the Law of

nd De Quincey still living. nderful powers were early ting. Their minds instead , broke forth interruptedly, ts. In all their productions al faculties act by fits and certainly, showing their na- oment and then obscured by ept in a few cases, the works agmentary, desultory, ram- on beggar's weeds. Men ho could do so much, did no and De Quincey's Confes- y. It is one curse of opium- mental powers of their heal- ngth — leaves them like a ly healed limb, capable for e efforts as before, but only

se tempted to use opium by ns and, for a time, strength- On the contrary, unless one vers of body and mind, both it. The transient brilliancy reams is like the splendor e sign of decay and death. of two such men as Coleridge ed up above contempt only enius, and that genius debas- e almost impotent, would be one, capable of being warn- however it finds one, leaves , inefficient, irresolute and

men become eloquent, when n experiences. This has of- Reformed Drunkards who in subject than their own in- dull and stupid as on the ch. We doubt not that the his volume owe much to the n an account of real experi- m dreams are however the markable man, and there is the fumes and the ecstacies

olume will be so received as ng publishers to give to the works of its author. At any not omit from the collection ublished in Blackwood, on em to us to deserve an equal t brilliant and valuable his- time.

ssage is from "Suspiria de

takes care for the religion ver his Christianity exists. a national church estab- ild sees his friends resort- beholds all whom he hon- rate before those illimitable to overflowing his young reseover he sees the sleep ntervals upon men and wo- ,—depth as confounding to the plummet of his mind as those heavens ascend beyond his power to pursue—*there* take you no thought for the religion of a child, any more than for the lilies how they shall be arrayed, or for the ravens how they shall feed their young.

God speaks to children also in dreams, and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things, when made vocal by the truths and services of a national church, God holds "communion undisturbed" with children. Solitude, though silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world *alone* and leave it *alone*. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness, that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, or mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which already he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he *has* to pass: reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

"Oh, burthen of solitude, that cleaveat to man through every stage of his being—in his birth, which *has* been—in his life, which *is*—in his death, which *shall* be—mighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be:—thou broodest, like the spirit of God moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom. Like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeming to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things, solitude for a child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe. Deep is the solitude in life of millions upon millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, with secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts and darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood, bringing before it at intervals the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. Reader, I tell you a truth, and hereafter I will convince you of this truth, that for a Grecian child solitude was nothing, but for a Christian child it has become the power of God and the mystery of God. Oh, mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be—thou, kindling under the torch of Christian revelations, art now transfigured for ever, and hast passed from a blank negation into a secret hieroglyphic from God shadowing in the hearts of infancy the very dimmest of his truths!"

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA. By Rev. Walter Colton, United States Navy. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We think that this must be the worst written book ever published. Imagine a Sophomore, in whom the passion for fine writing had become chronic, who for fifteen or twenty years had assiduously cultivated the peculiar sentimentalisms, the wordiness, the figurative style incident to that interesting age, and even then you would have only an imperfect idea of the Rev. Walter Colton. 'None but himself can be his parallel.' Hervey's Meditations were tame and barren compared with the flowery descriptions of our Naval Chaplain. We think that for the credit of the country, if he retains his office in the Navy, it ought to be with the condition that he will never publish a book.

And yet, strange to say, this book on California, when you have penetrated through its beauties to its sense, seems to be a valuable one. Strangest of all, in spite of the author's adjectives, his figures and fine writing, his mind seems to be disposed to take a sensible, sober and unexaggerated view of things. The author had unusual opportunity of observation and information, and we suspect that, looking only at the substance, it may be the best book as yet published for giving a general view of California society and of life at the mines. Notwithstanding the style is so detestable, it is well worth reading. We really regret that a man, not only amiable, good-tempered, honest and well-*informed*, but evidently at bottom possessing a full share of good-sense, and more than an average amount of talent, should be left to write so absurdly.

PERFORATIONS IN THE "LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS." Edited by Elizur Wright. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We advise all who have read Carlyle's Pamphlets, to read this. They will be well repaid. It is clear and vigorous in thought and style. There is a radical tendency about Mr. Wright's mind, with which, as well as with many of his particular views, we do not sympathise. But he is very far from being one who makes the word *reform* a cover for all jealous and destructive passions. He sees the importance of establishing truth, as well as pulling down error. He has so much wit, that unlike most reformers, he can afford to be, and commonly is, good tempered. He is one of the most forcible writers that we have; and whatever might be thought of his views, as a writer for the Daily Press, in his peculiar walk, in this country quite unsurpassed.

YOUNG WOMAN'S BOOK OF HEALTH. By Dr. Wm. A. Alcott. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason. 1850.

There can scarcely be a subject of more importance that the one treated in this volume. Of the merits of the book we are incompetent to speak; but if the author has treated the subject wisely, he will have done an inestimable service to society.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT. 2 Vols.

Crosby & Nichols have received from the Harpers this work, which is so amusing and gossiping, that every body interested in the literary history of the last forty years will read it, and enjoy the reading.

DARIUS THE GREAT. By Jacob Abbot.

Another volume of the historical series by Jacob Abbot. It is one of the best series of books for children, with which we are acquainted. Crosby & Nichols have it from the Harpers.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. No. 8.

This number is occupied with descriptions of the historical scenes and events of the Northern frontier. The interest and general excellence of the work is kept up at the same high level. This is really an original, well-executed and valuable work.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Latter-Day Pamphlets, by Carlyle. No. VIII. Jesuitism. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

Perforations in the Latter-Day Pamphlets, by one of the eighteen millions of Bores. Edited by Elizur Wright. No. 1. Universal Suffrage —Capital Punishment.—Slavery. Phillips, Sampson & Co., 110 Washington street. 1850.

Complete Works of Shakspeare. By James Orchard Halliwell. Each part containing two Illustrations, beautifully engraved on steel. No. 2. End of "Tempest," and beginning of "Two Gentlemen of Verona. Tallis, Willoughby & Co., 46 Vesey street, New York. Boston: For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

Littell's Living Age. No. 326. Boston: E. Littell & Co., 165 Tremont street.

Speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster on the Compromise Bill. July 15, 1850. From Redding & Co., 8 State street.

Helaise, or the Unrevealed Secret. A Tale. By Talvi. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Shakspeare. Phillips & Sampson's Edition. No. 22. First part of "King Henry VI." Boston. 1850. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

Reports of Salem City Mission, and of the Evening Free School. By John Ball. Salem. 1850.

History of Darius the Great. By Jacob Abbot Harper & Brothers, New York. 1850. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, No. 5. By B. J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

Report of Naval Committee on a Line of Mail Steam Ships to Africa. With an appendix by the American Colonization Society. Washington. 1850.

Three Years in California. By Rev. Walter Colton, United States Navy. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Boston, for sale by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLAND. The exciting topic in the British House of Commons, continues to be the admission or non-admission of Baron de Rothschild to his seat in Parliament. On Tuesday evening, August 1st, the debate was again resumed, but on an intimation from the Attorney General, that he had some definite resolutions to propose, the further discussion of the question was again adjourned. In the course of the sitting, the Attorney General gave notice that he would on the Monday following, move the two following resolutions:

1st, that Baron Rothschild is not entitled to vote in this House or to sit in this House during any debate until he shall take the oath of abjuration in the form appointed by law.

2d, that this House will at the earliest opportunity in the next session of Parliament take into its serious consideration the form of the oath of abjuration, with a view to relieve her Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion. The announcement of these resolutions was received with much indignation by the House, and in political circles it is anticipated that the government will be thoroughly beaten on the resolutions.

Lord Brougham is to be created an Earl, with the reversion of the title to his brother.

The British Admiralty have given notice of the arrival of intelligence from Capt. Austin, and the English and American squadrons sent in search of Sir John Franklin. Capt. Austin, on board the Eugenia transport, left Whale Fish Islands on the 23d of June. All well, perfect in every equipment—the steamers with six weeks' coal on board. The day after Capt. Austin sailed, the American expedition, consisting of two schooners, arrived at the Whale Fish Islands, and sailed to the northward on the 26th, all well. The season for explorations was considered fairly opened, but no intelligence had yet been obtained of the missing vessels.

The celebrated Liebig is about to visit the United States for the purpose of lecturing on chemistry.

An awful railway collision had occurred at Glasgow, by which a number of persons lost their lives.

The weather continues favorable for the growing crops. The accounts from Ireland relative to the potato blight are extremely conflicting, but the general tone of the Irish papers is favorable.

The Austrian mercantile fleet comprises 590 ships, exclusive of coasters.

Four large factories for the making of beet-root sugar are to be established in Austria.

The Scottish Guardian states the important fact that the primitive ordinance of baptism by *immersion* has been revived in the Episcopal church of Scotland. The incumbent of a parish in the diocese of St. Andrew has set the example.

Prof. Finney continues to preach in London with marked success. His congregations are crowded notwithstanding the summer weather. He holds five meetings a week.

Catlin, the American lecturer on Indians, is addressing good audiences in London, on the Mississippi Valley and its advantages for emigration.

COLONIZATION IN CONGRESS.—The Committee on Naval Affairs have reported a bill for the establishment of a line of steamers, to ply between this country and the coast of Africa, to promote the colonization of the blacks, to suppress the slave trade, and to carry the mails, and extend our commerce. The report recommends the building of three of the largest sized steamers, so constructed as to be used for purposes of war, if there should be occasion. It gives the history of English steam navigation,—showing that nation now has an aggregate of 215 ocean steamers, constructed on a similar plan, forming a vast network of steam navigation, encompassing the globe. The report, by a forcible argument, shows the necessity that we have for a great increase of our steam navy. But the main purpose of constructing these steamers, is made to be the opening of an effectual intercourse with West Africa. This measure, the Committe say, would render our present African squadron unnecessary, —saving the whole expense of that, while doing its work more effectually.

The report proposes that these steamships shall be built of the capacity of 4000 tons each, and that one of the three shall start monthly for Liberia,—touching, on its return, at certain points in Spain, Portugal, France and England, carrying mails to all these points. It proposes that the government shall advance two thirds of the cost of constructing the ships, and this sum shall be repaid by the contractors, in annual instalments. Each ship is to be commanded by officers of the navy, and to carry two guns of heavy calibre. The Secretary of the Navy is to exercise such control over them, as shall consist with the terms of the contract, and to take them at any time for the exclusive use of the United States by paying the value of them.

The contractors are to bind themselves to carry emigrants or free blacks,—as many as the Colonization Society may wish to send,—not exceeding 2500 for each voyage. The Society are to pay ten dollars for the passage of each emigrant. This pays for transportation, and for sailors' rations, for each emigrant. The government are to pay $40,000 for each trip, and the contract is to continue 15 years. Besides the passage money of emigrants, and the $40,000 paid by the government, there will be an expense of near $60,000 for each voyage, to be made up by commerce and other passengers; and the contractors have confidence that they shall be able to make it. [Puritan Recorder.

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT AND THE BOSTON CITY LIBRARY. We mentioned a few days ago a donation made by the Mayor of Boston to the city, for the purpose of founding a free library. Since then, the Hon. Edward Everett has offered to appropriate towards the same object his collection of public documents and state papers. The gift is of great value, amounting to about one thousand volumes, and contains everything of material importance relative to the political history of the country from the foundation of the Government to the year 1840 In making the collection, Governor Everett says he has for thirty years devoted a good deal of time, labor and expense.

ANOTHER NEW STATE. A resolution has been submitted to the Michigan Constitutional Convention to inquire into the expediency of the formation of a territorial government for the Upper Peninsula (on Lake Superior) and its ultimate admission into the Union as a State with the assent of the people of Michigan and of Congress. The new State is to be called the *State of Superior*.

EPITOME OF ENGLISH SOCIETIES. The London Christian Times has an epitome of the May meetings, prepared with much care, and the result of great labor, all the items having been verified. From this we learn that the benevolent and evangelical societies of England contributed in one year the sum of $3,122,802 This is a large amount, but much less, doubtless, than that spent by the ungodly on the same field for the maintenance of vice in its various forms.

THE STATUE OF THE LATE JOHN C. CALHOUN, lost on board the brig Elizabeth, has been found, by the officers of the United States Revenue Cutter, Morris. Lieutenant Martin states that the statue is in perfect order, and can be got up with little trouble. [Sun.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES. There was an immense gathering in this city last week to witness the imposing obsequies in honor of the late President. The procession was very long and very showy. The military display has not been equalled for many years, while the civil demonstration was all that the occasion required. The "bright, particular star" was Major Sherman's Light Artillery. The bands were numerous, and the dirges they played were solemn and affecting. The various associations, with their regalia and banners made a fine appearance. The houses and stores on the line of march were decorated tastefully with the emblems of grief. Faneuil Hall, outside and in, was covered in mourning The exercises there, listened to by thousands, were appropriate and impressive. The prayers were solemn; the music was subduing; the odes were heart-stirring, and the eulogy, by the ex-Mayor, Josiah Quincy, Jr., was a model of brevity, thought, style and point. [Watchman.

COMMENCEMENT AT WATERVILLE. We learn verbally that the commencement at Waterville College, which occurred last week, was very satisfactory to the friends of that institution. E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston, addressed the Literary Societies on Tuesday evening, in his usually discriminating and eloquent manner. At the annual Commencement on Wednesday, Aug. 14, the degree of A. B. was conferred on eleven graduates. The only honorary degree given, was that of D. D. which was bestowed on Rev. Amos Stutton, well known as a missionary at Orissa.

THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.—"Henrico," the correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, gives the following interesting statistics of our territorial domain, not included within state government:—

"Our Pacific possessions extend from the 49th degree of North latitude, to the 32 1-2 degree, and from the coast of the Pacific, on an average longitude of 125 degrees, to the Rio Grande, on an average of 106 degrees. This would make in extent of seventeen and a half degrees of latatude, and eighteen of longitude; and in square miles about 16,000,000.

Oregon is bounded by the 49th degree of North latitude on the North, the Pacific on the West, by the 42d degree of latitude upon the South, (the upper boundary of California,) and the Rocky Mountains upon the East. The longitude traversed by these mountains, as the eastern limits of the territory, is from the 109th degree to the 111th degree, following a crooked line from point to point.

California, as proposed to be admitted as a State, is bounded, as stated, on the North by California, on the West by the Pacific, on the South by the 22d degree of latitude, which is the line of boundary between Mexico and the United States, and on the West by the Colorado river, which is near the 115 1-2 degrees of longitude, and parallel therewith, until we strike the 35th degree of latitude, thence in a direct line westerly until the line intersects the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and thence along said mountains, in an almost parallel direction with the 120th degree of longitude, until the line again strikes the southern boundary of Oregon, or the 42d degree of North latitude.

Utah is bounded upon the West by California, on the South by the dividing ridge (or 37th degree of latitude) which rises between the waters that flow into the Great Basin, and those which flow into the Gulf of California, on the East by the same ridge, which forms its curvature from the angle where the 37th degree of latitude crosses the 113th degree of longitude, running thence in a curve until the line intersects the 111th degree of longitude to the lower boundary of Oregon, which is the limit of the territory, as bounded upon the North.

Colorado Territory, is that section of country bounded upon the lower west portion by the lower eastern boundary of California and the Colorado river, and the south by the dividing line between Mexico and the United States, on the East by the Sierra Madre, or Western limits of Mexico, and on the North by the curved ridge, or 37th degree of latitude, which constitutes the southern boundary of Utah, until the line extends to the 42d degree of longitude, and is farther bounded North by the same.

New Mexico, as its limits are defined, is bounded upon the West by the territory of Colorado, on the South by the 32d degree of latitude, on the East by the one hundredth degree of longitude, and on the North by the Arkansas river and 42d degree of north latitude. [The Arkansas river extends in a curvature line from this degree of latitude, down the 107th degree of longitude a short distance, and thence in a diverging line to the 100th degree of longitude, whence it is intersected by the 39th degree of North latitude.]

The Indian Territory is bounded on the South by the Arkansas river, thence in a straight line South to the Red River, which bounds it remotely near the 34th degree of latitude, on the West by the Red River, on the North by Nebraska, and on the East by the States of Arkansas and Missouri.

Nebraska is bounded on the West by the eastern limits of Oregon and upper angle of New Mexico, on the North by the 49th degree of latitude, (or line dividing the United States from Canada,) on the South by the Indian Territory, and on the East by the State of Iowa, and Territory of Minesota.

Minesota is bounded upon the West by Nebraska, (sometimes called Missouri Territory,) on the South by the State of Iowa, on the East by the State of Wisconsin and Lake Superior, and on the North by the dividing line between the United States and Canada—42d degree of latitude.

These are the territories which the U. States own, covering an area greater that the whole Union of States, and larger than the entire superficial surface of Europe.

	sqr. miles	sqr. acres
Oregon contains	341,463 or	218,536,320
California	175,363 or	112,232,320
Utah	125,000 or	80,000,000
Colorado	225,715 or	144,457,600
New Mexico	110,000 or	70,400,000
Indian Territory	120,000 or	76,800,000
Nebraska or Mo. Ter.	400,000 or	256,000,000
Minesota	105,000 or	67,200,000
Aggregate	1,602,541	1,023,426,240

Oregon is provided with a government, and also Minesota and Utah, while California is asking for State admission; but the residue of this immense domain is abandoned for the present, or given up to the unmolested possession of the Indians. The line of 36° 30, extended to the Pacific, would apportion about one third, or less, South of the line, and the residue to the North of the line. If such a line could be established by law, acquisitions hereafter from Mexico would naturally preclude the equal participation of the North. It would, without doubt, be converted into slave states. HENRICO.

THE HOME OF TASTE. How easy to be neat! to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments, it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outvieing the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

TRUE AIM OF EDUCATION.—"Education ought to agree with our two-fold destination: it ought to prepare a child for two successive states of existence; he is, at the same time, a weak creature, sent into the world to suffer and die, and an immortal spirit that is to pass away into eternity. We are so constituted that our nature harmonizes with both these vocations. The soul is endowed with some faculties which relate only to its sojourn on earth, and with others which carry its hopes and views beyond this world. Both ought to be cultivated by education. Since God has not thought fit to call us directly to Himself, but has obliged us to seek him by the path of human life, it becomes the strict duty of an instructor to furnish his pupil with everything necessary for his journey." [Mad. Necker De Saussure.

DECISION OF THE COMMITTEE AS TO THE BUILDING FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The long deliberations as to the building to be erected for the exhibition of 1851 have been terminated in favor of Mr Paxton's design and estimate. Mr. P. suggests a building chiefly of glass —in fact, a huge but elegant glass house. The great feature in its erection is, that no stone, brick, or mortar will be necessary. All the roofing and upright sashes will be made by machinery, fitted together and glazed with rapidity, most of them being finished previous to being taken to the place, so that little else will be required on the spot than to fit the finished materials together. The whole of the structure will be supported on cast-iron columns, and the extensive roof will be sustained without the necessity for interior walls for this purpose. If removed after the exhibition, the materials may be sold far more advantageously than a structure filled in with bricks and mortar, and some of the materials would bring in full half the original outlay. Complete ventulation has been provided, by filling in every third upright compartment with luffer boarding, which would be made to open and shut by machinery; the whole of the basement will be filled in after the same manner. The current of air may be modified by the use of coarse open canvass, which, by being kept wet in hot weather, will render the interior of the building much cooler than the external atmosphere. In order to subdue the intense light in a building covered with glass, it is proposed to cover all the south side of the upright parts, together with the whole of the roofs outside, with calico and canvass, tacked on the ridge rafters of the latter. This will allow a current of air to pass in the valleys under the calico, which will, if required, with the ventilators, keep the air of the house cooler than the external atmosphere. To give the roof a light and graceful appearance, it is to be on the ridge and furrow principle, and glazed with sheet glass. The ridge and valley rafters will be continued in uninterrupted lines the whole length of the structure, and be supported by cast-iron beams. These beams will have a hollow gutter formed in them to receive the rain water from the wooden valley rafters, which will be thence conveyed through the hollow columns to the drains. These drains will be formed of ample dimensions under the whole of the pathways throughout. The floors of the pathways to be laid with trellis boards, three-eighths of an inch apart, on sleeper joists. This kind of flooring is economical, and can always be kept clean and dry, and pleasant to walk upon. The gallery floors are to be close boarded.

No timber trees need be cut down, as the glass may fit up to the boles of the trees, leaving the lower branches under the glass during the exhibition; but Mr. Paxton does not recommend this course, as, for the sum of £250, he would engage to remove and replace every living tree on the ground, except the large old elms opposite Prince's Gate. Only a few years ago the erection of such a building as the one contemplated would have involved a fearful amount of expense; but the rapid advance made in this country during the last 40 years, both in the scientific construction of such buildings and the cheap manufacture of glass, iron, &c., together with the amazing facilities in the preparation of sash bars and other wood work, render an erection of this description, in point of expense, quite on a level with those constructed of more substantial materials.

METEORIC SHOWER OF AUGUST, 1850.—The night between August 9th and 10th, being one of the established periods of the returns of shooting stars, observations were made at Yale College, which fully indicated that the meteors were true to their appointment. Even casual glances at the sky, late in the evening, were sufficient to convince any one that shooting stars were unusually abundant.

As early as twenty minutes past 9 o'clock, several bright meteors appeared, which observed the same laws as heretofore, that is, they appeared either to proceed directly from the space situated a little below Cassiopeia's chair, or to move in lines of direction which, if continued back, would pass through that space. Three observers, dividing the sky between them, counted (from 12h. 40m., to 3h.,) in two hours and one third, 451 meteors. Many of them were followed by trains of momentary duration but none were seen of extraordinary size and splendor, and some were more luminous points, which darted with excessive velocity.

From 8 to 9 o'clock an *aurora* of moderate intensity was visible, and again at a quarter before 1 o'clock a very bright auroral arch rested on a dark cloud along the northern horizon, and, at intervals, shot up numerous thin streamers or pencils of light. At first, the lower dark cloud appeared as a regular segment resting on the horizon, and not more than four degrees high at its summit; but afterwards the upper line of the dark segment lost its regular outline, assuming a serpentine figure on the upper boundary, which rose gradually into convex masses, and a black mass under the tail of the Great Bear gave frequent flashes of lightning, and indicated the presence of a thunder storm at some point considerably northward of us. This electrical phenomenon thus brought into immediate connection with the Aurora Borealis and the shooting stars, imparted an extraordinary degree of interest to this annual display of meteors, and suggested some important inferences respecting their relations to one another. O. & H.

Yale College, Aug. 10. [New Haven Paladium.

ELECTRO MAGNETISM AS A MOTIVE POWER.—Professor Paige, in the lectures which he is now delivering before the Smithsonian Institution, states that there is no longer any doubt of the application of this power as a substitute for steam. He exhibited the most imposing experiments ever witnessed in this branch of science. An immense bar of iron, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, was made to spring up by magnetic action, and to move rapidly up and down, dancing like a feather in the air, without any visible support. The force operating upon this bar, he stated to average three hundred pounds through ten inches of its motion. He said he could raise this bar one hundred feet quite as readily as through ten inches, and he expected no difficulty in doing the same with a bar weighing one ton, or a hundred tons. He could make a pile driver, or a forge hammer, with great simplicity, and could make an engine with a stroke of six, welve, twenty, or any number of feet.

The most beautiful experiment we ever witnessed was the loud sound and brilliant flash from the galvanic spark, when produced near a certain point in this great magnet. Each snap was as loud as a pistol; and when he produced the same spark at a little distance from this point, it made no noise at all. This recent discovery he stated to have a practical bearing upon the construction of an electro-magnetic engine. Truly, a great power is here; and where is the limit to it?

He then exhibited his engine, of between four and five horse power, operated by a battery contained within a space of three cubic feet. It looked very unlike a magnetic machine. It was a reciprocating engine of two feet stroke, and the whole engine and battery weighed about one ton. When the power was thrown on by motion of a lever, the engine started off magnificently, making one hundred and fourteen strokes per minute; though when it drove a circular saw ten inches in diameter, sawing up boards an inch and a quarter thick into laths, the engine made about *eighty* strokes per minute. There was great anxiety on the part of the spectators to obtain specimens of these laths, to preserve as trophies of this great mechanical triumph.

The force operating upon this magnetic cylinder throughout the whole motion of two feet, was stated to be six hundred pounds when the engine was moving very slowly, but he had not been able to ascertain what the force was when the engine was running at a working speed, though it was considerably less. The most important and interesting point, however, is the expense of the power. Professor Paige stated that he had reduced the cost so far, that it was less than steam under many and most conditions, though not so low as the cheapest steam engines.

With all the imperfections of the engine, the consumption of three pounds of zinc per day would produce one horse power, the larger his engines, (contrary to what has been known before) the greater the economy. Professor Paige was himself surprised at the result. There were yet practical difficulties to be overcome; the battery had yet to be improved; and it remained yet to try the experiment on a grander scale, to make a power of *one hundred horse*, or more.

Truly the age is fraught with wonders; and we can now look forward with certainty to the time when coal will be put to better uses than to burn, scald, and destroy.—*National Intelligencer.*

The Legislature of Connecticut at its last session appropriated $10,000 for the establishment of a *State Normal School*, "for the training of teachers in the art of instructing and governing the Common Schools of the State." The Principal of the Normal School is *ex officio* Superintendent of Common Schools, and is bound to hold a convention in every county in the State once a year for the instruction of teachers. The number attending the Normal School is limited to 220, to be selected, one from each school society. Tuition free.

Maine appropriates annually $2,600 to the support of Teachers' Institutes. New Hampshire for the same purpose $1,500: she pays likewise for "Officers' School of Instruction," $3,795; and raises by tax, for the support of schools, $159,430.

Pennsylvania with a population of about 2,250,000 appropriates to schools about $701,-731; more than $500,000 of which is raised by taxation.

Louisiana at an extra session of the Legislature in December, 1849, appropriated for public schools $550,000, and $10,000 to *support public schools for free colored children*. The Superintendent of Common Schools, Rev. Alex. Dimitry, receives a salary of $3,000. The white population of the State is about 500,000; colored, 200,000. This is, therefore, a very munificent appropriation.

RARE CASE.—We heard of a case of honorable dealing the other day, which is worth recording. During the "hard times," of 1836 or 1837, a man in the State of Maine found himself, as did a good many others, unable to pay his debts. He came to Salem and has been at work here as a day laborer and teamster for one of our wood and coal merchants, until he saved enough to pay up principal and interest of all his debts. A few days since, he took a trip to his old place of residence and settled every demand, amounting to about $300 or $400. This gentleman's name is Wm. Cabeen. [Salem Observer.

☞ NOTICE.—The next Annual Meeting of the *Plymouth County Bible Society* will be holden at Plymouth, on the 11th of September, at Rev. Mr. Porter's Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when a Sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Ward, of Abington. There will also be public services, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M., when addresses will be given by several individuals. J. C. THACHER,
aug12 4t Scribe of the P. C. B. S.

☞ NOTICE.—The *Middlesex North Association* will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Woodbury's, in Concord, N. H., on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
aug24 2t JOSEPH C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ WANTED.—Copies of the "Christian Register" of April 7th, 1849, (No. 14,) are wanted at this office. Persons who have this number to spare, will do the Publisher a kindness by forwarding them by mail, or otherwise, directed "Christian Registe', Boston." aug24

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 13th inst. by Rev. Dr. Tucker, E. G. Byam, Esq. to Miss Lydia J. Woodbridge, both of Roston.

In Cambridge, 29th inst, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Lieut Henry Augustus Wise, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Charlotte Brooks, daughter of Hon. Edward Everett.

At Cambridge, 15th inst, by Rev. Dr. Albro, Lyman Thurston, Esq. to Miss Rowena H. Pratt.

In Lynn, 12th inst, at the residence of his brother, Hon. D. C. Baker, by Rev. Mr. Shackford, Ezra Baker, Esq. of Lynn, to Miss Sarah Jane, daughter of the late Dr. Theodore Dexter, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In Roxbury, on the Highlands, 15th inst, Martha F. Ruggles, wife of David A. Simmons.

In Bridgewater, 14th inst, Hannah Shaw, youngest daughter of the late Ezra Hyde, of Boston.

In Waltham, 16th inst, Jane Louisa Payson, daughter of John B. Cross, 17 yrs 9 mos.

Drowned in Gloucester Harbor, 16th inst, Francis Edwin, son of the late Geo. L. Debois, Esq. of Boston, 17 yrs.

In Cincinnati, 1st inst, George H. Bates, 35 yrs, son of Dr Geo. Bates, of Boston.

In Calcutta, May 23, after a few hours' illness, of cholera, William H. Prescott, 20 yrs, eldest son of Mrs Jane M. Prescott, of Boston.

Died in Medfield, the 9th inst., Mrs. ANNA FITCH, wife of Rev. Daniel C. Sanders, D. D., in the 83rd year of her age.

Mrs. Sanders possessed naturally a brilliant, active mind, which was highly cultivated by education, and thoroughly trained for the important sphere in which she was called to move. The benevolence of her character also corresponded with her mental qualifications. She sympathized with the sinful and suffering, and sought to relieve them of their woes. Her health, which was feeble during the most of her life, would not admit of her accomplishing all she desired. Still the purpose of her heart was manifested in the efforts she was able to put forth. For years she gave evidence that she was a Christian, and when death summoned her away, we believe it was from a world of affliction to one of rest. Her bereaved husband and friends can say appropriately in her case, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." T. T. R.

Died on the 17th inst, HANNAH CHANDLER, wife of Rufus Kendrick, and daughter of Thomas Chandler, of Bedford, N. H., aged 52 years. She died as gently as she had lived, and the same sweet smile, that ever shed a halo of loveliness around her while living, remained upon her features.

As a wife, a mother, a friend, and a Christian, she was surpassed by none; and while we are called to mourn her departure from among us, may we not forget the promise "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—And who of us would call her back to earth?—Wouldst thou be with us now?

"*With us!—we wrong thee by the thought*—
Could our fond gaze but follow where thou art,
Well might the glories of this world seem naught
To the one promise given the pure in heart."

E. H.

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CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

A

POETRY.

[The following poem was written by M. G. Lewis on a voyage to the West Indies. For smoothness and sweetness of rhythm it certainly is unsurpassed, almost unequalled; and we have been constantly reminded of the last three lines of the first stanza, as we have enjoyed the rich and glorious nights of the July moon now on its wane.]

The Helmsman.

Hark! the bell! it sounds midnight!—all hail, thou new heaven!
How soft sleep the stars on their bosom of night!
While o'er the full moon, as they gently are driven,
Slowly floating the clouds bathe their fleeces in light.

The warm, feeble breeze scarcely ripples the ocean,
And all seems so hush'd, all so happy to feel!
So smooth glides the bark, I perceive not her motion,
While low sings the sailor who watches the wheel.

'Tis so sad . . . 'tis so sweet . . . and some tones come so swelling,
So right from the heart, and so pure to the ear,—
That sure at this moment his thoughts must be dwelling
On one who is absent, most kind and most dear.

Oh may she, who now dictates that ballad so tender,
Diffuse o'er your days the heart's solace and ease,
As you lovely moon, with a gleam of mild splendor,
Pure, tranquil, and bright, over-silvers the seas!

MISCELLANEOUS.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOME OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

While living in the neighborhood of Chelsea, we determined to look upon the few broken walls that once inclosed the residence of Sir Thomas More, a man who, despite the bitterness inseparable from a persecuting age, was of most wonderful goodness as well as intellectual power. We first read over the memoirs of him preserved by Erasmus, Hoddesdon, Roper, Aubrey, his own namesake, and others. It is pleasant to muse over the past; pleasant to know that much of malice and bigotry has departed, to return no more, that the prevalence of a spirit which could render even Sir Thomas More unjust and, to seeming, cruel, is passing away. Though we do implicitly believe there would be no lack of great hearts, and brave hearts, at the present day, if it were necessary to bring them to the test, still there have been few men like unto him. It is a pleasant and a profitable task, so to sift through past ages, so to separate the wheat from the chaff, to see, when the feelings of party and prejudice sink to their proper insignificance, how the morally great stands forth in its own dignity, bright, glorious, and everlasting. St Evremond sets forth the firmness and constancy of Petronius Arbiter in his last moments, and imagines he discovers in them a loftier nobility of mind and resolution, than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates himself; but Addison says, and we cannot but think truly, 'that if he was so well pleased with gayety of humor, in a dying man, he might have found a much more noble instance of it in Sir Thomas More, who died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by the side of which he suffered.' What was pious philosohy in this extraordinary man, might seem frenzy in any one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

Oh, that some such man as he were to sit upon our woolsack now; what would the world think, if when the mighty oracle commanded the next cause to come on, the reply should be, '*Please your good lordship, there is no other.*' Well might the smart epigrammatist write:

When More some time had chancellor been,
No more suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen,
Till More be there again.

We mused over the history of his time until we slept, and dreamed: and first in our dream we saw a fair meadow, and it was sprinkled over with white daisies, and a bull was feeding therein; and as we looked upon him he grew fatter and fatter, and roared in the wantonness of power and strength, so that the earth trembled; and he plucked the branches off the trees, and trampled on the ancient inclosures of the meadow, and as he stormed, and bellowed, and destroyed, the daisies became human heads, and the creature flung them about, and warmed his hoofs in the hot blood that flowed from them; and we grew sick and sorry at heart, and thought, is there no one to slay the destroyer? And when we looked again, the Eighth Harry was alone in the meadow; and, while many heads were lying upon the grass, some kept perpetually bowing before him, while others sung his praises as wise, just, and merciful. Then we heard a trumpet ringing its scarlet music through the air, and we stood in the old tilt-yard at Whitehall, and the pompous Wolsey, the bloated king, the still living Holbein, the picturesque Surrey, the Aragonian Catherine, the gentle Jane, the butterfly Anne Bullen, the coarse-seeming but wise-thinking Ann of Cleves, the precise Catherine Howard, and the stout-hearted Catherine Parr, passed us so closely by, that we could have touched their garments; then a bowing troop of court gallants came on; others whose names and actions you may read of in history; and then the hero of our thoughts, Sir Thomas More—well dressed, for it was a time of pageants—was talking somewhat apart to his pale-faced friend Erasmus, while 'Son Roper,' as the chancellor loved to call his son-in-law, stood watchfully and respectfully a little on one side. Even if we had never seen in the pictures Holbein painted of his first patrons, we should have known him by the bright benevolence of his aspect, the singular purity of his complexion, his penetrating yet gentle eyes, and the incomparable grandeur with which virtue and independence dignified even an indifferent figure. His smile was so catching that the most broken-hearted were won by it to forget their sorrows; and his voice, low and sweet though it was, was so distinct, that we heard it above all the coarse jest, loud music, and trumpet calls of the vain and idle crowd. And while we listened, we awoke; resolved next day to make our pilgrimage, perfectly satisfied at the outset, that though no fewer than four houses in Chelsea contend for the honor of his residence, Doctor King's arguments in favor of the site being the same as that of Beaufort House—upon the greater part of which now stands Beaufort-row—are the most conclusive; those who are curious in the matter can go and see his manuscripts in the British Museum. Passing Beaufort-row, we proceeded straight on to the turn leading to the Chelsea *Clock-house*.

It is an old, patched-up, rickety dwelling, containing, perhaps, but few of the original stones, yet interesting as being the lodge-entrance to the offices of Beaufort-House; remarkable, also, as the dwelling of a family of the name of Howard, who have occupied it for more than a hundred years, the first possessor being gardener to Sir Hans Sloane, into whose possession, after a lapse of years, and many changes, a portion of Sir Thomas More's property had passed. This Howard had skill in the distilling of herbs and perfumes, which his descendant carries on to this day. We lifted the heavy brass knocker, and were admitted into the 'old clock-house.' The interior shows evident marks of extreme age, the flooring being ridgy and seamed, bearing their marks with a discontented creaking, like the secret murmurs of a faded beauty against her wrinkles! On the counter stood a few frost-bitten geraniums, and drawers, containing various roots and seeds, were ranged round the walls, while above them were placed good stout quart and pint bottles of distilled waters. The man would have it that the 'clock-house' was the 'real original' lodge-entrance to 'Beaufort House;' and so we agreed it might have been, but not, '*perhaps*,' built during Sir Thomas More's lifetime. To this insinuation he turned a deaf ear, assuring us that his family, having lived there so long, must know all about it, and that the brother of Sir Hans Sloane's gardener had made the great clock in old Chelsea Church, as the church books could prove. 'You can, if you please,' he said, 'go under the archway at the side of this house, leading into the Moravian chapel and burying-ground, where the notice, that "within are the Park-chapel Schools," is put up.' And that is quite true: the Moravians now only use the chapel which was erected in their burying-ground to perform an occasional funeral service in, and so they 'let it' to the infant school. The burying-ground is very pretty in the summer time. Its space occupies only a small portion of the chancellor's garden; part of its walls are very old, and the south one certainly belonged to Beaufort House. There have been some who trace out a Tudor arch and one or two Gothic windows as having been filled up with more modern mason-work: but that may be fancy. There seems no doubt that the Moravian chapel stands on the site of the old stables.

'Then,' we said, 'the clock-house could only have been at the entrance to the offices.' The man looked for a moment a little hurt at this observation, as derogatory to the dignity of his dwelling, but he smiled, and said, 'Perhaps so;' and very good-naturedly showed us the cemetery of this interesting people. Indeed, their original settlement in Chelsea is quite a romance. The chapel stands to the left of the burying-ground, which is entered by a primitive wicket-gate; it forms a square of thick grass, crossed by broad gravel walks, kept with the greatest neatness. The tombstones are flat, and the graves not raised above the level of the sward. They are of two sizes only: the larger for grown persons, the smaller for children. The inscriptions on the grave-stones, in general, seldom record more than the names and ages of the persons interred. The men are buried in one division, the women in another. We read one or two of the names, and they were quaint and strange: 'Anne Rypheria Hurloch;' 'Anne Benigna La Trobe;' and one was especially interesting, James Gillray, forty years sexton to this simple cemetery, and father of Gillray, the H. B. of the past century. One thing pleased us mightily, the extreme old age to which the dwellers in this house seemed to have attained.

A line of ancient trees runs along the back of the narrow gardens of Milman's-row, which is parallel with, but further from town than Beaufort-row, and affords a grateful shade in the summer time. We resolved to walk quietly round, and then enter the chapel. How strange the changes of the world! The graves of a simple, peace-loving, unambitious people were lying around us, and yet it was the place which Erasmus describes as 'Sir Thomas More's estate, purchased at Chelsey,' and where 'he built him a house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough.' How dearly he loved this place, and how much care he bestowed upon it, can be gathered from the various documents still extant. The bravery with which, soon after he was elected a burgess to parliament, he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry the Seventh, with so much power that he won the parliament to his opinion, and incensed the king so greatly, that, out of revenge, he committed the young barrister's father to the Tower, and fined him in the fine of a hundred pounds! That bravery remained with him to the last, and with it was mingled the simplicity which so frequently and so beautifully blends with the intellectuality that seems to belong to a higher world than this. When he 'took to marrying,' he fancied the second daughter of a Mr. Colt, a gentleman of Essex; yet when he considered the pain it must give the eldest to see her sister preferred before her, he gave up his first love, and framed his fancy to the elder. This lady died, after having brought him four children; but his second choice, Dame Alice, has always seemed to us a punishment and a sore trial. And yet how beautifully does Erasmus describe his mode of living in this very place: 'He converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not a man living so affectionate to his children as he. He loveth his old wife as if she were a young maid; he persuadeth her to play on the lute, and so with the like gentleness he ordereth his family. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth, as if nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's academy: but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for, though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue.'

The king was used to visit his 'beloved chancellor' here for days together to admire his terrace overhanging the Thames, to row in his state barge, to ask opinions upon divers matters, and it is said that the royal answer to Luther was composed under the chancellor's revising eye. Still the penetrating vision of Sir Thomas was in no degree obscured by this glitter. One day the king came unexpectedly to Chelsea, and having dined, walked with Sir Thomas for the space of an hour, in the garden, having his arm about his neck. We pleased ourselves with the notion that they walked where then we stood! Well might such condescension cause his son Roper—for whom he entertained so warm an affection—to congratulate his father upon such condescension, and to remind him that he had never seen his majesty approach such familiarity with any one, save once, when he was seen to walk arm in arm with Cardinal Wolsey. 'I thank our Lord,' answered Sir Thomas, 'I find his grace my very good lord, indeed; and I do believe, he doth as singularly love me as any subject within the realm; however, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head should win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go off.'

With the exception of his own family (and his wife formed an exception here,) there are few indeed of his contemporaries, notwithstanding the eulogiums they are prone to heap upon him, who understood the elevated and unworldly character of this extraordinary man.

The Duke of Norfolk, coming one day to dine with him, found him in Chelsea Church, singing in the choir, with his surplice on. 'What! what!' exclaimed the duke, 'what, what, my Lord Chancellor a parish clerk! you dishonor the king and his office.' And how exquisite his reply, 'Nay, you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby count his office dishonored.' Another reply to the same abject noble, is well graven on our memory. He expostulated with him, like many of his other friends, for braving the king's displeasure. 'By the mass, Master More,' he said, 'it is perilous striving with princes; therefore, I wish you somewhat to incline to the king's pleasure, for "*indignatio Principis mors est.*"' 'And is that all, my lord?' replied this man, so much above all paltry considerations; 'then in good faith the difference between your grace and me is but this—that I may die to-day, and you to-morrow.'

He took great delight in beautifying Chelsea Church, although he had a private chapel of his own; and when last there they told us the painted window had been his gift. It must have been a rare sight to see the chancellor of England sitting with the choir; and yet there was a fair share of pomp in the manner of his servitor bowing at his lady's pew, when the service of the mass was ended, and saying, 'My lord is gone *before*.' But the day after he resigned the great seal of England (of which his wife knew nothing,) Sir Thomas presented himself at the pew-door, and said, 'Madam, my lord is *gone*.' The vain woman could not comprehend his meaning, which, when, during their short walk home, he fully explained, she was greatly pained thereby, lamenting it with exceeding bitterness of spirit.

We fancied we could trace a gothic door or window in the wall; but our great desire would have been to discover the water-gate from which he took his departure the morning he was summoned to Lambeth to take the oath of supremacy. True to what he believed right, he offered up his prayers and confessions in Chelsea Church, and then, returning to his own house, took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children, forbidding them to accompany him to the water-gate, as was their custom, fearing doubtless, that his mighty heart could not sustain a prolonged interview. Who could paint the silent parting between him and all he loved so well—the boat waiting at the foot of the stairs—the rowers in their rich liveries, while their hearts, heavy with apprehension for the fate of him they served, still trusted that nothing could be found to harm so good a master—the pale and earnest countenance of 'son Roper,' wondering at the calmness, at such a time, which more than all other things, bespeaks the master mind. For a moment his hand lingered on the gate, and in fastening the simple latch his fingers trembled, and then he took his seat by his son's side; and in another moment the boat was flying through the waters. For some time he spoke no word, but communed with and strengthened his great heart by holy thoughts' then looking straight into his son Roper's eyes, while his own brightened with a glorious triumph, he exclaimed in the fullness of his rich toned voice, 'I thank our Lord the field is won.' It was no wonder that, overwhelmed with apprehension, his son-in-law could not apprehend his meaning then, but afterward bethought him that he signified how he had conquered the world.

The abbot of Westminster took him that same day into custody, on his refusal to 'take the king as head of his Church;' and upon his repeating this refusal four days afterward, he was committed to the Tower. Then, indeed, these heretofore bowers of bliss echoed to the weak and wavering complaints of his proud wife, who disturbed him also in his prison by her desires, so vain and so worldly, when compared with the elevated feelings of his dear daughter Margaret.

How did the fond, foolish woman seek to shake his purpose! 'Seeing,' she said, 'you have a house at Chelsea, a right fair house, your library, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I marvel that you who have been always taken for so wise a man, can be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, and, too, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favor and good-will both of the king and his council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned men of the realm have done.'

And then not even angered by her folly, seeing how little was given her to understand, he asked her if the house in Chelsea was any nearer Heaven than the gloomy one he then occupied? ending his pleasant yet wise parleying with a simple question:

'Tell me,' he said, 'good Mistress Alice, how long do you think might we live and enjoy that same house?'

She answered, 'Some twenty years.'

'Truly,' he replied, 'if you had said some thousand years, it might have been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant who would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. How much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?'

It is for the glory of woman that his daughter Margaret, while she loved and honored him past all telling, strengthened his noble nature; for, writing him during his fifteen months' imprisonment in the Tower, she asks, in words not to be forgotten, 'What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsey, in this your absence! Surely, the remembrance of your manner of life passed among us—your holy conversation—your wholesome counsels—your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are, by God's grace, much more increased.'

After the endurance of fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned, tried, and found guilty of denying the king's supremacy.

Alack! is there no painter of English history bold enough to immortalize himself by painting this trial? Sir Thomas More was beheaded on Tower Hill, in the bright sunshine of the month of July, on its fifth day, 1535, the king remitting the disgusting quartering of the quivering flesh, because of his 'high office.' When told of the king's 'mercy,' 'Now, God forbid,' he said, 'the king should use any more such to any of my friends! and God bless all my posterity from such pardons.'

One man of all the crowd who wept at his death, reproached him with a decision he had given in Chancery. More, nothing discomposed, replied, that if it were still to do, he would give the same decision. This happened twelve months before. And, while the last scene was enacting on Tower Hill, the king, who had walked in this very garden with his arm round the neck, which, by his command, the axe had severed, was playing at Tables in Whitehall, Queen Anne Bullen looking on; and when told that Sir Thomas More was dead, casting his eyes upon the pretty fool that had glittered in his pageants, he said, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death.' The coward! to seek to turn upon a thing so weak as that, the heavy sin which clung to his own soul!

Some say the body lies in Chelsea Church, beneath the tomb we have sketched—the epitaph having been written by himself before he anticipated the manner of his death. It is too long to insert; but the lines at the conclusion are very like the man. The epitaph and poetry are in Latin: we give the translation:

"For Alice and for Thomas More's remains
Prepared, this tomb Johanna's form contains
One, married young; with mutual ardor blest,
A boy and three fair girls our joy confest.
The other (no small praise) of these appear'd
As fond as if by her own pangs endeared.
One lived with me, one lives in such sweet strife,
Slight preference could I give to either wife.
Oh! had it met Heaven's sanction and decree,
One hallowed bond might have united three;
Yet still be ours one grave, one lot on high!
Thus death, what life denied us, shall supply."

Others tell that his remains were interred in the Tower, and some record that the head was sought and preserved by that same daughter Margaret, who caused it to be buried in the family vault of the Ropers in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury; and they add a pretty legend how that, when his head was upon London Bridge, Margaret would be rowed beneath it, and, nothing horrified at the sight, say aloud, 'That head has layde many a time in my lappe; would to God, would to God, it would fall into my lappe as I pass under now,' and the head did so fall, and she carried it in her 'lappe' until she placed it in her husband's, 'son Roper's' vault, at Canterbury.

The king took possession of these fair grounds at Chelsea, and all the chancellor's other property, namely, Dunkington, Trenkford, and Benley Park, in Oxfordshire, allowing the widow he had made, twenty pounds per year for her life, and indulging his petty tyranny still more, by imprisoning Sir Thomas's daughter, Margaret, 'both because she kept her father's head for a relic, and that she meant to set her father's works in print.'

We were calling to mind more minute particulars of the charities and good deeds of this great man, when, standing at the moment opposite a grave where some loving hand had planted two standard rose-trees, we suddenly heard a chant of children's voices, the infant scholars singing their little hymn; the tune, too, was a well-known and popular melody, and very sweet, yet sad of sound; it was just such music, as for its simplicity, would have been welcome to the mighty dead; and as we entered among the little songsters, the past faded away, and we found ourselves speculating on the hopeful present.

We close Mrs. Hall's pleasant sketches of Sir Thomas More and his localities, with a brief description of a scene in his prison, which the pencil of Mr. Herbert, of the Royal Academy, has beautifully depicted. It must be remembered that More was a zealous Roman Catholic. He was committed to the Tower in 1534, by the licentious Henry VIII., partly to punish him for refusing to assist that monarch in his marriage with Anne Boleyn, 'the pretty fool,' as Mrs. Hall calls her; but particularly because he declined to acknowledge the king's ecclesiastical supremacy as head of the Reformed Church. There he remained until his execution the following year. 'During his imprisonment,' says his son-in-law and biographer, Roper, who married his favorite daughter Margaret, 'one day looking from his window, he saw four monks, (who also had refused the oath of supremacy) going to their execution, and regretting that he could not bear them company, said: "look, Megge, dost thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cheerful to their death, as bridegrooms to their marriage? By which thou may'st see, myne own good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have spent all their days in a religious, hard and penitential life, and such as have (as thy poore father hath done) consumed all their time in pleasure and ease;" and so he proceeded to enlarge on their merits and martyrdom. His grandson, Cresacre More, referring to this scene, says, 'By which most humble and heavenly meditation, we may easily guess what a spirit of charity he had gotten by often meditation, that every sight brought him new matter to practice most heroical resolutions.'

Unimproved Moments.—Moment after moment passes away, and woe be to him who lets them go unimproved; for they will stare him in the face in the dying hour, crying, Lost! lost! *lost forever*.

[For the Register.]

EXTRACT.

[From "Briery Creek," a Story, by Miss Martineau.]

Louisa Temple was on her knees, by her brother's bedside, weeping bitterly, when her father, Dr. Sneyd, entered the chamber. 'I grieve for you, my dear,' said her father. 'You have many years before you, and the loss of this brother—but for your mother and me, it is not altogether so trying. We cannot have very long to remain; and the more it pleases God to wean us from this world, the less anxiety will there be in leaving it. If the old friends we loved, and the young we depended on, go first, the next world is made all the brighter, and it is with that world we have now most to do.'

'But of all losses,' said Louisa, 'that Arthur must be the one.'

'This is the one we could be least prepared for, and from this there is, perhaps, the strongest recoil. But it is enough that it is the fittest for us. If we cannot see this, we cannot but believe it; and let the Lord do what seemeth to him good.'

'But such a soul—such a man!' said Louisa.

'Ah! there is precious consolation! No father's—no mother's heart—Hear me, Arthur,'—and he laid his hand on that of his son—'no parent's heart had ever more perfect reason upon a child, than we have had upon you, my dear son!'

'He hears you,' said Louisa.

'If not now, I trust he shall know it hereafter. His mother and I have never been thankless, I believe, for what God has given us in our children; but now is the time to feel truly what His bounty has been. Some time hence we may find ourselves growing weary under our loss, however we may acquiesce: but now there is the support given through Him who is the resurrection and the life—this support without drawback, without fear. Thank God, I believe there is no presumption in the strength of my hope. It seems to me, there would be greater in doubt and dread. If my son were a man of a worldly mind, if his affections were given to wealth and fame, or to lower objects still, it would become us to kneel and cry, day and night, for more time, before he must enter the state where, with such a spirit, he must find himself poor and miserable and blind and naked. But his Maker has so grounded him that his affections have been fixed on objects which will not be left behind in this world, or buried away with the body, leaving him desolate in the presence of his God. He loves knowledge, and for long past he has lived on benevolence; and he will do the same henceforth: and forever, if the gospel, in which he has delighted from his youth up, say true. Far be it from us to doubt his being happy in thus living for the prime ends of his being.'

Mrs. Temple was silent.

'You are thinking of the other side of his character, of that dark side which every fallible creature has. Here would be my fear, if I feared at all. But I do not fear for Arthur that species of suffering which he has ever courted here. I believe he was always sooner or later thankful for the disappointment of unreasonable desires, and the mortifications of pride, and all retribution for sins and follies. There is no reason to suppose that he will shrink from the retribution which will in like manner follow such sins and follies as he may carry with him into another state. All desires whose gratification cannot enter there, will be starved out. The process will be painful; but the subject of this pain will be the first to acquiesce in it. We, therefore, will not murmur or fear. Whatever terror I might feel without the gospel, I cannot conceive of any being left when the gospel is taken home to the understanding and the heart. With as much as an apostle, were he here, would desire your brother to arise and walk before us all, do I say to him, if he can yet hear me, Fear not, for God is with thee.'

L. G. P.

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Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

Hubbard Winslow would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his School for Young Ladies, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

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Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

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